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Prose and Verse

By

Richard Mather Topling



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FROM

William C. Lane
Cambridge

Wm C. Lane
From
Dick's Mother & Father.



PROSE AND VERSE

BY

RICHARD MATHER JOPLING



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

WILLIAM CARY SANGER, JR.



The Knickerbocker Press
NEW YORK

1919



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A NOTE BY HIS FATHER, JAMES E. JOPLING

This collection of prose and verse was written by my son during his years at school and college and before he was twenty-three years old, when he sailed for France in September, 1917, to serve in the Great War. His death was the result of shell-shock received on the last day of the war while removing sick and wounded from a bombed and burning hospital at Mezières.

“He being made perfect in a short time,
Fulfilled a long time.”

Introduction

RICHARD MATHER JOPLING was born in Marquette, Michigan, on July 16, 1893. Living as he did on the shores of Lake Superior, he early learned to love the Great Lakes and the lands that bordered them, particularly the rugged country in the region of Marquette. At the age of twelve his parents took him to Fay School in Southboro, Massachusetts, which was preparatory for a more advanced school. He remained at Fay School for two years and, upon the completion of his courses there, graduated and entered St. Mark's School, located in the same delightful New England village. Dick returned to Marquette for his vacations and thus had occasion to make the trip between Massachusetts and the upper peninsular of Michigan several times a year. On these journeys he stopped at Chicago where it was necessary to change trains. No boy can travel on railroads and stop at a great city without being fascinated and thrilled at the wonder of it all and Dick with his sensitive and responsive nature was able to appreciate to the fullest

extent the romance and beauty of everything he saw. He made a splendid record at school, and among his other activities he became one of the editors of the *Vindex* magazine in which some of the best of his poems and stories were printed. In addition to literature he was devoted to music and in both of these fields he sought to express and interpret the love and beauty of life. He was particularly well qualified by nature to do this for his kindness and generosity and his high ideals enabled him to understand the hopes and dreams of others and to express the thoughts and emotions of humanity in beautiful words and music. And, like so many truly great characters, not only did he appreciate the romance and pathos of life but he also possessed a remarkably good sense of humor and he often entertained and delighted his friends by his stories and songs and monologues. He graduated from St. Mark's School in the spring of 1912 and in the June number of the school magazine he published his poem *En Avant* which is one of the best, if not the very best, he ever wrote. Dick entered Harvard University in the fall of 1913 and graduated in three years, after which he took post-graduate courses in order to remain with the class of 1916. At college, as at school, he won the respect and admiration of all who knew him. His devotion to literature and music continued and he became an editor of the *Harvard Advocate* magazine

and secretary of the *Musical Review*. He spent part of one summer riding and camping in Wyoming and among the best of his poems published in the *Advocate* are "Nobody's Land" and "Beyond the Ranges," both of which show his love for the West, and the wild, free spirit of its plains and mountains. During Dick's boyhood and youth he had occasion to visit New York City a number of times and came to know and love it as he did Chicago. New York, with its towering office buildings, its harbor and ships and trains and its romance and fascination thrilled him as it had O. Henry and as it has touched and thrilled so many others. Dick, as might be expected, read many books and admired the writings of many authors and poets but among his special favorites were Kipling and O. Henry and Robert W. Serviss, as well as some of the writers of earlier periods: Dickens, Thackeray, and Browning. Just as the Great Lakes had always appealed to Dick—so also did the sea. During his life he and his parents had made several visits to Atlantic City and moreover while at college he had been near Boston Harbor and the Massachusetts coast, so that he was well able to feel the spirit and beauty of the ocean. From October, 1916, to February, 1917, he made a trip to South America with his cousin Philip Mather, crossing the Andes by train and later climbing El Misti one of the high mountains of South

America. At Harvard, Dick was elected Chorister of his class and led the singing at the commencement exercises in June, 1916. In August, 1916, he attended the Plattsburg Military Training Camp and when America entered the war in 1917 he at once volunteered, but owing to being under weight was unable at first to enlist in the army. Later, however, he was able to enter the American Field Service and was sent to France where he drove an ambulance at the front. When the American Expeditionary Forces took over the American field service, Dick, who had gained somewhat in weight, became a soldier in the United States Army. He was decorated for bravery, being awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French, his citation mentioning him for valor on two separate occasions during heavy bombardment. After the Armistice the Ambulance Section of which Dick was a member (S. S. U. 623) moved up into Belgium and remained there during the winter. In March, 1919, Dick went on furlough to England with several other members of his section. He died in London on March, 16th and was buried with military honors in the American Cemetery at Brookwood in the County of Surrey.

Dick's character was a splendid example of all that is best. Kindly and generous and true and brave, he won the respect and friendship of all who knew him.

Those of us who had the privilege of being with him at school and college will always think of him as helping other people. He never seemed to think of himself. One of the most marked qualities which he possessed was his ability to make strong and lasting friendships among people of all ages and classes. And his devotion to his parents and grandmother and to his home in Marquette was one of the strongest and most beautiful characteristics of his life as was also his buoyancy and cheerfulness. A lover of democracy, he always upheld progressive and democratic ideals and in his death America and the world lost one of the very finest and most promising young men who ever lived. Those who read the little collection of stories and poems printed in this volume will appreciate how talented Dick was as a writer and as a poet. His musical ability was no less marked. During Dick's senior year at Harvard he composed part of the music for the Hasty Pudding Club play and in addition to this composed a number of songs with and without words, many of which musical critics have considered of a very high standard of excellence. Had he lived, he would certainly have given to the world many other beautiful and glorious contributions in the fields of music and of literature. It is, however, an inspiration and a help to those who are left and a cause for heart-felt rejoicing to know that during the long and

troubled years of war, when liberty and democracy were in danger, countless hosts of young men such as he gladly and willingly laid aside "all that they were and ever hoped to be" in order that righteousness and freedom should be eternal.

Perhaps the spirits of those immortal young men sometimes come back and revisit the people and the places they loved so well when they were mortal. It may be that their prayers and love have power to do good upon this earth—far more than ever we have dreamed. And so perhaps many of those hosts who sleep in Europe have in very truth "Gone West," back again across the Atlantic to their homes—some to the great cities, some to the plains, and others to the hills and mountains of the West.

WILLIAM CARY SANGER, JR.

JULY 2, 1919.

The Call of a Christmas Chiding

"CANDIES, chocolates, bonbons, and chewing gum." The monotonous voice of the persistent salesman was again droning its well-worn nasal chant to the passengers. Tired by the sound, in the snug seclusion of Pullman section eleven, car B, Thornton settled farther back against the green plush cushion, slowly lifted his left leg to a comfortable position of warmth on the iron grating of the little radiator at his side, and with reclining head and half-shut eyes, began to gaze out of the window. Not an uncommon action, that, one might say, a thing we have all done in some moment of a long railroad journey, when cards and magazines tire us, conversation fails us, and we are gradually lulled to sleep by the roar of the train. But Thornton found no rest in the scenery, —no more than he had in the cheap periodicals, or his very expensive cigars; although in order to get a

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taste of the latter he had trudged through six or seven swaying cars to the smoker, in the early afternoon.

It could not, indeed, have been considered a cheerful outlook through the glass, if it really came to that question. Miles upon miles of bleak snow-covered marsh that swept past with barely one or two groups of naked, shivering trees to break the dreary monotony, —no, that surely was not a scene that gives pleasure. And yet there is a certain satisfaction, a sort of snugness, you might call it, that every one of us has felt, consciously or unconsciously, when we look out from our fireside on the cold winter afternoon, or listen to the rain pattering mournfully upon the roof, when we are safely tucked away in bed. Thornton was no exception to the rule,—he felt the snugness; yes, and in some sort of way he remembered feeling it that afternoon, when riding to catch the Limited. He remembered, though he would not admit it, having had that sensation when he saw from his taxi the passing forms of Seventh Avenue's thinly clad humanity, a bedraggled lot of pedestrians that shoved their way onward through the sifting snow. For Thornton could not help thinking, in spite of his natural pity for such rabble, of the luxurious quarters in the Chicago hotel where he was soon to be, and where he expected to spend Christmas.

Christmas! That was it. It was the thought of

Christmas that kept his brain active, and troubled him for some curious reason, in spite of his comfort. Why was it that every year about this time the same old feeling of restlessness and disappointment came over him? He really had nothing to be depressed about, just now, except perhaps,—oh yes, there were those documents locked up in that safe in his Chicago office, about which he had just received that telegram. He had, in fact, been inclined at first to consider these as the cause of his worry; but then there was hardly a possible chance of anything going wrong. There was the combination; he felt it now in his vest pocket; and he remembered very distinctly the time when he had closed the safe. The thought of the deeds started him figuring and calculating on the next day's operations. The wire from Mort Stanton had not been very explicit. A conference, it had mentioned, something regarding the leases and traffic rights of the L. R. & D., with a hint at a probable purchase. Of course Thornton knew the importance of that road's future just at that critical time, and knew also of the absolute necessity of producing those papers in the safe. It had been foolish, no doubt, of him to take this journey to New York with the only copy of the combination in his pocket; but fortunately, now, he would suffer nothing by it. The special was due at the Union Depot at 8.55, three hours and a half

before the time appointed for the meeting; hardly a narrow enough margin for him to be anxious over. Oh, yes, and in case of being so late, he would get three dollars from the company! He chuckled at the comparison between the magnificent sum of three coins of cold cash from a corporation in which he himself had large interests, and the mere matter of millions.

The train swerved, and rushed through a small village, in which white-capped wooden houses and bedraggled little stores and shops raced by. At the sudden clatter, Thornton could see that several drowsy passengers were jerked to consciousness. In the seat across the aisle, a little lad of about five years or less, who had been sleeping under the watchful eye of his mother, now awoke and smiled at him. That smile surprised Thornton, and not knowing what to do he grinned back foolishly. He really did not know or did not care much about children, and, in fact, until the moment he had been seriously annoyed at having such a small being directly opposite. A mournful remembrance perhaps came to him of other nights he had spent in traveling, rendered sleepless by the unwelcome and persistent serenade of youthful lungs. But this chap, with his pleasant expression, had conquered all natural prejudice, and had aroused a very deep interest in himself.

Perhaps it was the resemblance of the little fellow, in his quick, pert, and eager confidence of manner, to someone else; perhaps it was just the recollection of some of his own childhood; Thornton did not know. But he felt a certain warmth and pleasure in watching him.

But there was that oddly despondent sensation, again, that seemed to be connected with this particular time of the year. Could it be that he was still reminded of one special Christmas, nearly four years ago, a day when from all the merry and rejoicing bands of his companions he had remained apart and miserable, moping by the side of his little fire in his apartments? It came back to him now, a bit too vividly, if anything, the moment of that wintry afternoon when he had descended that little flight of stone steps,—he had seen them since but once or twice,—and stood looking forlornly about on that quiet, snow-covered street. Words had then been sounding through his brain; indeed he remembered them yet. They were not very distinct, but seemed to say, “Jack, I’m sorry, but I’m afraid you’re too mercenary. Please don’t think that I don’t care for you,—I shall always do that,—but I’m afraid you would sacrifice me, your home, your family, life, and everything else for your power and your business standing. From what I’ve known of you, Jack, I don’t believe you would make

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a good husband, and I'm sure you would not make a good father. Don't think I mean to be brutal, Jack, but I had to say what I felt. I only know I couldn't be the sort of wife you would like, one that could go about and do a great deal of society. Please think of me kindly sometimes, Jack, and good-bye."

That had indeed been a long good-bye, one that had meant a wide separation. Polly had called him mercenary. Well, perhaps he was, considering the busy life he spent attending to his and his partner's interests. But after all, what was life without work and without some definite goal towards which to strive? He had simply made use of his faculties and his brains, and by them had been able to rise higher than most men around him. In doing so, he was establishing splendid opportunities for his children, if he ever should have any, and was increasing his power to do good among his fellow men. Of course he was in the right, and perhaps *she* would be convinced of it, some day. He wondered if she were still living in that little brown stone house, the old Weston homestead, where he dimly remembered having visited with his mother, long years ago. Yes, that was the time they had first traveled west from Philadelphia, at the invitation of his mother's old school friend, who had gone to Chicago to marry a Mr. Weston. Then it was that he had met Polly as a little girl, not

to see her again until after college, when his mother had died and he had taken up his business in the great metropolis on the lakes. Then it was,—oh, now he remembered,—it was on that visit in his childhood that he had seen and played with the boy who so much resembled the youngster across the way. Poor Frank! Two years ago, he remembered, he had died, leaving Polly alone with her father, the Rev. Mr. Weston, a clergyman who was constantly called from town, in his work, to attend meetings or to care for the poor. It seemed as if he had seen the Rev. Mr. Weston somewhere, lately. Yes, he had,—it was just before taking this trip east that he had gone to the minister at the parish house, to give him some money for his charitable work.

The child bearing the likeness was now scrambling down from the seat on which he had been lying, active and restless from long sleep. After exploring and climbing over various empty sections, he made his way toward Thornton in spite of a gentle word of protest from his mother, a thin, tired-looking woman, whose features seemed slightly drawn with pain. The boy stood leaning on the arm of the seat of his new-found friend, looking straight up into his eyes.

"Where does 'ou come f'om?" The usual cross-examination of every stranger was begun.

"I'm bound from New York just at present, son."

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"Zat's funny,—zat's where we're f'om, too. Is 'ou going to Sicago, too?"

"Yes, I guess you've struck it right, there."

"Does 'ou live in Sicago?"

"Yes, that is, for most of the year."

"Oh, does 'ou have two homes?"

"Well, no, but I have a lot of traveling to do, all the time."

"Oh, zen 'ou is like Gran'pa Tom. Gran'pa Tom's always trav'lin' 'roun'. He's a min'ster, 'ou know. I don't fink *he* likes trav'lin'. Does 'ou like trav'lin'?"

"Well, I don't mind it so much; you see I'm pretty well used to it by this time."

"I like trav'lin'. I likes it when we gets on ze choo-cars, an' ze shouts 'All bo-oar,' an' ze engine goes 'fooh! fooh!' an' we begins to move, an'——"

Running out of words to express his sentiments, he stopped, and hugged the arm of the seat. Thornton smiled amusedly; then, as a sudden thought struck him, he pulled a bit of string from his pocket, and began making a cat's cradle. The boy watched him intently, and in a minute or two offered help. After that followed a blissful quarter of an hour in which the child and his older companion played with the string; and tiring of that, built houses and constructed figures on the cushions with matches. Thornton could see that the mother was watching them happily

from her side of the car, and that a pleased smile lit up her pale, wan face. Troubles and restlessness had now vanished from his mind, and, not knowing exactly why, he felt better than he had felt for a long time, possibly many years. At length, when the increasing gloom of the outside landscape and the lighting of electric lamps in the car forewarned them of approaching dinner-time, the games ceased, and it was then that the frail-looking woman turned toward him.

"It was so kind of you," she said. "I must thank you so much for the pleasure you have given Billy. I was afraid he was really very annoying and troublesome to you, though."

The young man could merely mumble. "Not at all," and then clumsily take his departure for the dining car. There a sight met him that brought a rush of pleasant and forgotten memories to his mind. The car was trimmed from end to end with wreaths of fern and holly.

Returning, somewhat late, Thornton noticed that something was wrong with the little boy. He moved about in a tired, listless fashion, and finally settled down exhausted on his seat, while his usually cheerful voice was now complaining and fretful. Something he had eaten, or perhaps it was the rocking of the train that was now beginning its ascent up the moun-

tains, had affected him; and his brow had a flushed appearance that did not look pleasant. The woman was plainly quite anxious, and Thornton wondered what he could do to ease her distress. After a while, when the little fellow's condition became more feverish, his mother rang for the porter, and asked him to find out if possible if there was a doctor on the train. The negro was plainly worried when he came back sometime later with a negative report, and was still more troubled when asked concerning the next stop.

"'Deed lady, we don' make no mo' stop befo' Fo't Wayne; that's where we all get to 'bout sixty-three to-morrow mawnin'. This heyar train's a limited, and don' stop much."

"Oh, dear, and don't you suppose there would be any way of having it stopped in case my son here gets much worse?"

"Don' see how it could, lady, leastways I couldn't do nothin' 'bout it."

He moved away down the aisle, and the mother again turned her attention to making her boy more comfortable. For some time Thornton sat thinking, thinking still of that resemblance he had noticed that afternoon, and of the pitiable plight of the pair across the way. Yes, he could have them put off, but what would happen to them if left off at some little way station on a cold winter's night, with probably no one

about to give them any assistance or protection? Yet, again, what might happen if the little boy was allowed to grow much worse without seeing a doctor? He pondered. There were fifty or sixty millions of dollars, and probably a financial reputation, balanced on the scales with a small act of charity which might not amount to much after all. It seemed slightly to resemble that other contract he had laughed over a while ago; and besides, what would Stanton say? But there was that resemblance, and back of the resemblance something that touched him nearer, deeper. He began dimly to apply to his present dilemma the words of Polly's last rebuke.

The fretful complaints of the boy, and his mother's comforting tone, sounded above the roar of the train. He arose from the section and went to find the conductor. That official was seated in the smoking compartment of the car ahead, going over his ticket schedule. At Thornton's low voice, he looked up, surprised. It was not an ordinary request, that of stopping the special.

"Can you show papers to prove your identity?" he asked.

Thornton could, and the evidence he produced seemed to be sufficient.

"The next place of any size is Mt. Union; we reach there in about seventeen minutes. Are the people

you speak of ready to get off? The train, you know, cannot wait there an instant," spoke the conductor.

"I am going back to tell them directly. They will be ready by the time we stop."

He made his way back to his own car, and after quietly telling the sorrowing mother of the halt that was to be made, turned from her overflowing and hysterical thanks to place a few things in his own satchel, and put on his hat and coat. The porter, being called, hurried up the aisle from his task of making up berths.

"Golly, sah, yo' ain't goin' to stop the train, is yo' sah?" was his exclamation; but being answered in the affirmative, he wonderingly set to work in helping bundle up the little boy. The woman then saw the preparations her late benefactor was making for going out of doors, and she protested.

"You surely are not getting off, too; why, I'll be all right with Billy—we'll be able to find someone near the station. You really mustn't give yourself up to us. Haven't you some important business you would be neglecting?"

Thornton smiled and straightened out his coat. "I have nothing so important as this business just at present, madam," he answered.

The little station at Mt. Union was awakened most surprisingly out of its usual drowsiness, for the accus-

tomed deep-toned wail of the special's whistle was soon followed by a clanging of bell and a harsh grating of brakes as the heavy train thundered up and was brought to a stop by the platform. The baggage-master stepped out quickly from his warm room into the bitter, frosty air; and, open-mouthed, watched the descent of a man, a woman, and a child from one of the Pullman vestibules. The instant they were safely down, came the conductor's sharp "All aboard!" and the line of brightly lighted steel cars began to move faster and faster, and now passed out of sight around the curve. A stray carriage man came hurrying up to assist them with their bags, and the baggage-master, seeing that he was not needed, backed away into the station again, muttering: "Never heard the likes o' that before; no, sir, I never heard the likes o' that before."

On his way to the doctor's with his charge, Thornton began to be worried over the way Mort Stanton might take this act of his. The real deed of valor did not half come up to the loftiness of the sentiment that produced it. Well, it was done now; he could not possibly reach Chicago in time.

The carriage reached its destination, where a bright, breezy young doctor gave an encouraging report of the boy's condition. Only a slight cold was troubling the youngster, he told them, and then offered to

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accompany them to the best hotel in the town. When both mother and child were in their room, and after the doctor had gone, Thornton himself procured lodging for the night. Then, leaving the neat little inn, he walked slowly towards the station, to send a telegram to Mort.

.

Stanton had been furious that afternoon in which he met his tardy partner at the station,—in fact, none of Thornton's expectations could have come up to that violent outburst of his friend's justly offended indignation. All the way up to the office, and for half an hour afterwards, Mort had plagued him, laughed, scolded, and swore at him, and made the most withering remarks he could think of. His heat increased steadily and rapidly, as Thornton remained taciturn, and offered little or no explanation for his conduct. It was only when completely exhausted by his volubility that the indignant one relapsed into silence, occasionally emitting grumpy explanations.

"Do you honestly realize how much this little rampage of yours has cost us, you poor mut?" he said. "I don't believe you do. Sometimes I'm not so d—— sure whether you've got any sense at all. This is a—— of a nice Christmas present you've brought

both of us." Then, as he saw the other go toward the private safe with the fateful combination, "Stop it, I tell you," he cried. "I don't want to look that bloody set of papers in the face again. It's too late now, so what's the use of uncovering old sores."

Thornton, however, did get a Christmas present, and one of a very different sort. The sight of it, even, sent to the winds all the bad effects the other "gift" had left. For on the very morning of the 25th of December, he found lying on his hall table a letter, of a handwriting that reminded him of someone he had last seen exactly four years ago,—a letter that begged him to come back, back to a certain house, just for that afternoon. And in the letter was a photograph that startled him, one of a wan, pale-looking woman, and a bright, pert, and confident-looking little boy.

The little brown stone dwelling on the same cold, deserted snowy street looked the same as ever; and Thornton was carried backwards over the interval of four years as he mounted the steps. Someone else also was not changed, and that person received him there in the same warm, impulsive manner as she had used to do. Once inside, Polly hurriedly explained all to the mystified young man, and told how Louise, her sister-in-law, and Frank's widow, had come home the night before with her little son, bring-

ing with her the story of the most exceptional and disinterested kindness paid her by a gentleman whose card she had produced. "And so, Jack, that's why, I just had to see you again and tell you that I knew about your great sacrifice, and how it affected me."

"Sacrifice! But how do you know I made any sacrifice, Polly?" broke in Thornton, as puzzled as before, but now supremely happy, for once, that he had lost that money, if she had learned of it.

The young girl blushed, and he would have urged her further, had not the doorbell just then rung in a most startling fashion. Upon its being opened, in burst Stanton, breathless, excited, bubbling with suppressed speech.

"Found out where you were from your chauffeur, who came back," he spurted. "Say, boy, what do you know, a wire's come from the L. R. & D. officials saying the agreement's ratified and the papers were received satisfactorily. What the Heck do you think of that? Jack, boy, I'll forgive you everything you ever did; it's all right now. But how the deuce could it have happened? How——"

He stopped short, suddenly aware of the girl's presence. Thornton, completely bewildered, thunder-struck, somehow began to feel that it was all up, that she would not now believe his act to have been

a sacrifice. Then Polly spoke, and he turned, vaguely to listen.

"You poor, dear boy, you must be doubting your senses by this time. And so, I suppose I'll have to tell what I wanted to keep dark for a while. When you went to papa about that charitable money, you left those silly papers there behind you. Papa discovered it after you'd gone, and when your train for New York had left, we looked at them together, and on them it told all about that convention you were expected at, and to what men and to what addresses the papers should be sent if lost. So since we were afraid of not catching you again before the meeting we sent them right off to the men they were to be given to. I found out you were expected on the special, Wednesday, and sent James down with a note; but you didn't come. Then Louise came and told me about you. And now, Jack, even if you *are* rich, and if you really still want me,—why I guess you can have me any time you like."

The Scab

PART I—THE BANISHMENT

DOWN a crowded thoroughfare of a moderate-sized New England town, one day in the late eighties, shambled the unsteady footsteps of a young man, across whose face had already become plainly marked the hard lines of dissipation. Passers-by avoided his wandering course as best they could, paying, for the most part, very little attention to him, although his appearance was singular. About him hung the remnants of a formerly prosperous suit of clothes; his shoes had stood many months of hard usage, while to crown this picture of shabbiness and neglect was an old slouch hat. He seemed to be in trouble other than that which was manifested by his appearance; for every now and then he would stop and sway in uncertainty. Upon arriving at a certain office door, over which hung the sign "Nathaniel A. Robeson, Lawyer," his courage nearly forsook him. Finally,

however, with a sudden impulse he lunged against the door and entered precipitately.

The lawyer, also young, looked up quickly and, upon recognition, assumed a frown. It was not the first time they had met under similar circumstances.

"Well, Fred," he said brusquely, "what the dickens is it now,—more trouble? I'm sick of handing money out to you to be squandered when you beg for it, and promise to turn over a new leaf!"

"Don't," begged the other, "don' talk to me tha' way, Nate, ol' fell'! 'Member ol' times, Nate. Got into a mess las' night,—bad mess,—give hun'ed doll's. Ge' me out, Nate, pleash, jess' this once. Promise nev' do't 'gain, Nate, this means fo' good."

"Shut your confounded babble!" ordered Lawyer Robeson, "I'll tell you right here that it's only our former friendship and my remembrance of your dear father and mother that has induced me to support your worthless life. You're not the Fred Wheeler as I used to know him,—you're a vagabond, a scoundrel, and a spendthrift!"

Wheeler was silent under this storm of accusation and lost some of his drunken bravado.

"Well, have you anything to say for yourself?" said the lawyer once more.

The drunkard began to stammer out a mixture of protests and pleadings. The conversation became

heated, and finally rose to a proper pitch for action. Robeson arose quickly, took out a handful of bills, and threw them at his cringing friend.

"Go," he cried vehemently, "go, you puppy, and never let me see your dirty face until you can pay me all you owe me!"

Wheeler slunk down an alleyway, unobserved, and soberer than before. At the back door of a small, dirty building he stopped, then entered hurriedly, after being sure he was watched by no one. Into a smoky little den or pool room he went, and glanced quickly about to find the man he wanted. He kept his eyes averted from the pool and card tables, although his fingers were aching to try again the luck of a billiard cue. To one of the hangers-on he handed over as payment for his debt the lately acquired money, that also was the last cent he possessed. Then, avoiding the curious looks of his companions, who seemed to pity him, he plunged again into the alley and threaded his way to the outskirts of the town. Finally, he sat down near a stone wall and buried his face in his hands. He was just awakening from a long nightmare, his career of the past few years.

If only his mother hadn't died,—he was half moaning to himself,—if only she hadn't died, it would have been very different for him. But now!— Of what worth was his life, anyway? Nobody cared whether

he lived or died. His only, his one true friend was lost to him forever. Nobody could ever take his place. Nobody,—but here! What business had he to pity himself? He it was who had run this downhill course to disgrace. He had put himself hopelessly, eternally into debt to his friend, his family, and his God! He began to pray fervently that he might be able to start life afresh, to blot out his former existence. Then on his knees, he poured out his supplication; and vowed he would never rest from toil until he had offered up full payment for his tremendous debt.

PART II—THE ATONEMENT

The noon whistle had just shrieked out its familiar and welcome blast over the tall, gaunt towers of the McDuell Steel Works, and the tired, hungry workers were pouring out of the buildings upon the dingy little courtyard overshadowed by the surrounding structures. Lunch boxes and dinner pails were being opened, and the rough and grimy toilers were at once starting to enjoy the brief midday hour for rest and refreshment. In one corner of the yard a small group of men more important than the rest were talking earnestly.

“I tell you there’s more signs of discontent each

day," said a subordinate. "If you don't look out, or wire for a garrison, or something, there will be open mutiny in three or four days."

"Nonsense, I tell you," said one who seemed by his dress and manner to be in a position of authority. "I haven't been here in Gainsburg eight years for nothing. I know these men as well as I know myself and I know there is nothing ugly or underhanded about their movements. Besides, what would they want to rebel about? Isn't there every modern convenience and safety appliance in the plant? Aren't the hours short? Isn't the pay large enough?"

"That's just the point, Mr. Wheeler," answered another. "Over at Kendrall's mills the pay has lately been raised a dollar a week, and these men feel like striking if they don't get it too."

"You fellows don't know what you're talking about," said Chief Wheeler as he turned to go. "McDuell can't afford a raise just now, and these fellows have regard for him."

"The boss is a queer duck," commented one of the group when they were left alone. "When he once gets stuck on a certain point, you can't budge him. Maybe kind o' unlucky this time, too. You know, I've been sort of puzzled as to his actions lately. There's not been a time this eight year since he came but what he's been the hardest, steadiest worker,

thinking o' nothin' 'cept his job. He's had regular habits, and was never seen blowing himself or havin' a good time. Now he's become sort o' morose and gloomy, like he was troubled over somethin' and don't pay so much attention to work. I seen him hangin' around the head office once or twice, and wondered why. Queer, aint it?"

The unconscious object of these speculations was walking slowly across the yard with his head bent down. Now and then he glanced at the men around him, and began to fancy he did see something of dissatisfaction that had been visible to the group he had just conversed with. He certainly was troubled, as they had noticed, but not because of the coming prospects of a strike. No, for he was making his way again towards the office to try to catch a glimpse of the object of his distressing thoughts.

He had fallen hopelessly, desperately in love with the daughter of his superior, a slender, dark-eyed girl, with attractive ways who had just completed a course in college. Kate McDuell, known popularly around the office as "Katie," was the only child of the plant's owner, a big, kind, burly Irishman who had molded his own career. Wheeler had seen her many times since his coming to work in the shops, eight years ago, and had watched her grow from girlhood into young womanhood; but never until now had he

realized how charming to him her pretty, laughing face had become, or how desolate he felt when she went away to boarding school. Since his very coming to Gainsburg he had saved up money steadily by his hard and earnest work and self-denial, and it had been these qualities that had caused him to rise from the state of a common laborer to that of superintendent of the establishment. The money he had saved for the purpose of sending to his old friend Robeson; but the lawyer he learned had moved away from his home town, and he did not know his address. He now had considerably more than enough to pay his old debt, surely enough to support another besides himself. She did not know his feelings yet, that he was sure of. If only he could—but he felt himself entering into the seventh heaven of bliss, too precarious and romantic a condition for the present crisis in everyday affairs.

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The storm of mutiny gathered force and volume during the next week. At all hours the strain of discontent became tenser and tenser, until all felt that the mob spirit would soon burst forth. Even Fred Wheeler had to admit the danger; but he went about among the men, oblivious to his own danger, encouraging them, thus winning over to his side a

great many of his older comrades. But for his remarkable magnetism and will, open revolt could not then have been avoided.

"Do not under any conditions summon aid," he said many times to his foremen, "or even let the men know you suspect them, I think I can settle matters yet."

His power, however strong it was, was waning, as the mutiny leaders went secretly incensing the men. A great part of these were new recruits easily roused to any tumult, and with very little regard for those in command. Even as Wheeler went about among the workers, he was taunted by some of the boldest. They had believed that he, who was so popular, would come to their support in the demand for more pay, and their disappointment made them all the more bitter against him and the so-called "mollycoddles" who stood by him. As he passed through the works, hard names and insulting remarks reached his ears, and once or twice a brick struck the wall near his head, but with calm determination he appeared not to notice them.

Another fear at this time was causing him more distress than the whole prospect of the strike. Coming up to the office one day he had seen a good-looking fellow in a checkered suit walk up to the door, and there exchange a hearty greeting with McDuell's

daughter. Before he had had a chance to observe the newcomer closely, they had driven off in a buggy, chatting gayly. Not since then had he caught a glimpse of the caller, or had a chance to speak to Kate, but he had managed to learn that the young man was an acquaintance of her's in the city. Katie had surely changed a great deal since her girlhood days. She had spoken of these city acquaintances to him at various times, in a laughing way, but as if she was really becoming one of them, and was being separated by a fast widening abyss from her friends at home. He had lain awake nights trying to think what she could possibly be to this stranger; and do what he would he could not dispel this question from his mind. He began to realize what it would mean to him to lose her from his life, to have her taken away to the city; and he resolved that he would simply have to speak his heart to her before something else might happen.

One bright, sunny morning, when nature seemed a strong contrast to the tempestuous spirits of the men in the village that were on the eve of breaking forth in violence, Wheeler was walking rapidly in the direction of the shops to exhort the small band of faithful workers that had remained in the plant. He was greatly troubled, just having had a stormy argument with Mr. McDuell, who had been insistent on calling

for some authority to suppress attacks that might be made by the strikers.

"They broke seven windows in the power plant yesterday," the excited owner had said, "and they hold meetings and torch light processions under my windows every night. You ought to hear what they say in their speeches, too; they talk of killing you and me and destroying the whole plant."

"Don't pay any attention to them," Wheeler had replied, "those men's bark is a great deal worse than their bite. They will have to give in after a few days, and I think I have a plan for talking them around. If you call the militia, you may keep them quiet, but you will make them such enemies to you that there will always be trouble in the future."

Notwithstanding these words of hope, the superintendent was far from feeling the confidence with which he spoke. There had not been much activity in the streets the night before, and this morning the town was absolutely peaceful and quiet; but Wheeler knew it to be the dreadful calm before the storm. If anything was to be accomplished in the way of persuasion, it must be done before night; of that he was sure. Wondering what would be the best way to go about this task, he was walking along with his head bent down when a glimpse into the grove beyond the hedge made him stop suddenly and catch his breath.

The old, rambling orchard of apple and pear trees had very lately bloomed forth in its delicate, light green coating of spring, and birds were singing for joy among the branches. Yet none of these affected Wheeler; for walking arm in arm beneath the trees were Kate and the stranger. She was laughing and gazing up into his face, and in this look Wheeler saw and read everything. He was not blind; he knew they were lovers, and that his hope was lost. He shrank back a pace or two, almost afraid of being seen and recognized, while his heart seemed to choke with sorrow at the realization that all the joy of his life had suddenly been snatched from him. Why had he not spoken before? Why, but surely there was something familiar in the back of that stranger; where had he seen that figure before? Hazy recollections of bygone years came fleeting through his memory,—it seemed to him almost as if,—no it couldn't be,—well it might,—oh, great heavens! He stifled a choking cry and dropped into hiding behind the hedge, as he recognized the face half turned towards him as that of his boyhood friend and play-fellow, Nate Robeson.

He remained crouching behind the wall, his breath coming in gasps, afraid every moment of being observed by the unobservant couple. The surprise had half stunned him and wild thoughts came into his

head. He was nearly overpowered by a sudden mad impulse to leap the wall, and to reproach his former friend for causing him this maddening sorrow. He knew now that he had been desperately in love with Kate. Then, as the fearful tensity slowly passed there came to his mind the recollections of the prayer and the oath he had uttered by the wall on the outskirts of his native town, nearly nine years ago. He began to realize the meaning of what he had said then, and how his life was affected by it. The sudden hate he had borne Robeson vanished, and he saw the justice of it all.

"So this is it," he thought, "this is the way I have to pay my debt. If only it could have been any other way! I think I could have stood it better. I've sworn to though, and this is what I have to bear. Nate, Nate, old fellow, you're right. I made you blush for me; now it is your turn to spoil my happiness. I'll take it, Nate, it's my deserts."

He began to think more of his early years, and, as the recollection of them grew stronger upon him, he became more and more filled with bitter remorse for his misdeeds until it appeared to him that his atonement had come nowhere near paying his enormous debt. He remembered scenes and incidents that had not crossed his mind for years; he thought of his father's death, caused partly through illness and

partly through shame for his son; he thought of his drunken moments when he had disgraced the name of his family and driven away his friends. Again he was deeply penitent, and when, after some time he arose quietly and hurried away, his only wish was in some way to give payment for the rest of his debt. Here was a chance to render to his friend the money he had saved, and yet he did not want Robeson to see him again. At all events he must not let it be known that he had ever loved Katie. That part of his life was gone forever,—his atonement to his friend. But now he was confronted again by the hard, cold problem of the strike, a thing that was so much harder for him to attack because of his recent ordeal; but he remembered it was her father he must work for to save from failure or personal attack; this last thought made him thrust all behind him but the coming crisis, and resolve to set himself before the danger with fortitude.

At eight o'clock that evening the storm broke loose. Wheeler had done all in his power to avert it; he had tried every sort of oratory and to no avail. The night watchman heard the approaching cries of the mob and fled to his chief.

"Wire for the infantry at once," was McDuell's command. "I've had a former experience with a striking mob."

The small handful of men about the premises were armed with anything they could find, and were ordered out to face the crowd. When Wheeler heard this last command he shook his head. "Keep your men back," he said, "I'm going out to talk to them." They all reasoned with him; begged him not to do anything so foolish, but he remained firm in his resolution. For Kate had come to him only a short time before and begged him to save her father.

"I know you can do it," she cried, "you are so able and fearless." To hear these words from the girl he loved gave him intense suffering, but he prepared for the fight.

On came the crowd, shouting and yelling derisively. The fiery glare of their torches lit up the towering brick walls in a ghastly manner, and their voices sounded in weird harmony to the scene. "Come out, you d—— thieving monopolists!" they yelled; "think you can starve us while you're havin' a good time, do ye? Wait till we get at you and that bunch of mollicoddles with you!"

At Wheeler's appearance on the doorstep a roar of delight went up. "Scab! scab!" was the cry. "Come on, you infernal scab, we've got you now!" There was no chance for words; they ran forward to pull him into their midst. Through the turmoil he caught sight of Kate's frightened face peering fear-

fully through the window opposite. "Come on, men!" he shouted. "Take me if you want, but don't you touch McDuell or his property; he hasn't done you any wrong." There was no need for his words. McDuell, mills, and mollycoddles,—all were forgotten in the mad rush upon the man they believed to be their greatest enemy. They were almost upon him when two or three shots sounded from the yard, and the leader dropped in his tracks. A howl of rage went up, and the infuriated mob suddenly swerved towards the big iron gates from whence the shots came. There were a few more bullets that wounded a couple of the foremost, a few more that went wild; and then the rusty gates gave way, and they rushed in to overpower the small force of marksmen.

"Fools," cried Wheeler, "if those men hadn't shot, they would have gone for me alone and would not have touched the buildings!" Now he felt the only possible thing to do was to fight to ward off the crowd till the coming of the militia. Seizing an old musket that had been dropped in the excitement, he rushed to the scene of battle, dealing terrible blows right and left. Making his way to his own men, he tried to organize them into a well-formed compact body, while the mob were kept off by occasional shots.

"Now men," he said, "don't fire unless they charge, but be on your guard from all quarters!"

They unfortunately were not trained marksmen, and this fact, together with the rapid failure of ammunition, emboldened the aggressors.

Finally the inevitable happened. When the shots were becoming very few, there was a sudden dash of the rabble that scattered the remaining "mollycoddles." Breaking windows, smashing machinery, the avenging mob rushed on a destroying course through the plant. Wheeler was found, still fighting his hardest; and shouting "Scab!" they all went for him. The deadly struggle of one man against four hundred was nearly over, when there was a blast of horns, a volley of shots, and soldiers came tearing in upon the strikers. There was but one feeble show of resistance, and they fled headlong through the gates.

To the little crowd around the dying superintendent came hurrying Kate McDuell, accompanied by Robeson. The latter cried out in amazement at recognizing his friend, then bending over the other:

"Fred," he exclaimed, "speak to me if you can. Are you very badly hurt?"

Wheeler gazed up happily. "Is that you, Nate? I'm so glad, because I can pay you what I owe. Look in the trunk in my room McDuell will tell you where. That's all now, good-bye." He sank back with a smile, for he knew that his life was over, and that he paid his debt.

The Push Fiend

ATLANTIC CITY'S damp, salty breeze swept the whole extent of the ocean front, and sent a chill to every zealous pedestrian that strode rapidly along the board walk. Out on the steel pier, a few consumptive looking men were walking nervously up and down in the cold, while they looked enviously in upon the warm concert-room, where the band was blaring triumphantly to a host of listeners. The front piazza of the Rudolph was bare of its accustomed multitude of rocking guests. A net haul was taking place on the extremity of Young's old pier, but the small number of shivering onlookers were turning back to shore, one by one, unable to stand around any longer in the disheartening drizzle. Parties of two and three were being hurried home from the matinées in closed chairs, by frozen-looking blacks.

In striking contrast to this mournful aspect of the weather, however, Jimmy was dancing about under

the shelter of his little booth, whistling to himself and watching passers-by with swift, keen glances. None of them seemed to satisfy his expectancy, though, and with a little frown he turned to look at his small charge of roller chairs.

Jimmy was a pusher, and he was not a nigger. In that one statement you have his condition as entirely and completely stated and recorded as if he had been described accurately and fully by an eye observer. All of which goes to state that he was thirty-five years old, of medium height, stocky, and laboring under a burden of hard luck and of better times in the past. He was the possessor of a bedraggled-looking tweed suit, an equally aged pair of shoes, and a check cap that was decidedly weather-beaten. Add to this composite a shock of thick, black hair and a happy disposition, and you will have Jimmy *au fait*.

After graduating from Yale, where he had made a great name for himself as a quarter-back, Jimmy had started out with the full expectation of making a similar conquest of the world. He and two other of his classmates had entered law together; but being gifted neither with oratory nor with an extraordinary amount of interest in legal pursuits he dropped out of the triple combination, while the other two were left still floundering in a back street office in New York, and plunging into the depths of law volumes. Being

practically alone in the world, save for some relatives that were distant both by connection and acquaintance, he resolved to start unaided on his search for glory. Six years saw him undertaking a restless search for his life's vocation, while he assumed, in fairly quick succession, the duties of drygoods salesman, real estate agent, policeman, railroad brakeman, barber, and tramp. In the last named capacity he struck Atlantic City along about the spring of 190-, having gone to sleep in an empty box car in Trenton, to wake up breathing the ozone of America's promenade. Before he had been an hour in the place, he had become attached to it, and at nightfall he had resolved to stick by the board walk through thick and thin, until a tidal wave should sweep the whole town away.

New York's vast playground for its society and its slums throws a great net over all who visit it. There is something fascinating about its great avenue of boards, its shops, its piers, its unique atmosphere, and its swiftly changing throngs of young and old, rich and poor, all out on a quest for rest, health, and enjoyment; and all intensely interested in everyone and everything they see. The sea-breeze wafts invigorating odors to one's nostrils, the crowd jostles him along, and the storekeepers are always ready to extract, by hook or crook, his filthy lucre. Some men

there are who would find delight in simply standing on the board walk to watch the passing stream of humanity, and from them study the innermost depths of human nature. Jimmy, be it known, was one of these. He became so practiced, that he could finally tell from a man's appearance whether he ran a livery stable or a garage, whether he was a politician or just a plain senator.

Jimmy had been five years in the rolling-chair business, the first twelve months of his stay in the city having seen him as a hotel clerk. This position he had abandoned on account of a little amiable discussion with the proprietor, who had disagreed with him. He had become an authority on chairs and the most approved methods of handling them, and was always ready to tell anyone and everyone about the new board-walk traffic laws and the great problem of rates among the various chair companies. He could scent out a prospective patron among a crowd of thousands, and had become quite popular with the rolling public, a fact that aroused hatred and envy in the black majority of pushers, who banded together to thwart it. So well did they occasionally succeed, that he was obliged to go a whole day without business while putting together a chair that the vindictive Africans had taken to pieces. Of late, however, his work had become unbearably tiresome, and he was



aching for a chance to quit his job, and take up some really interesting position.

And so this bit of story drifts back to the scene with which it started, where the fog and rain were still pouring in unmercifully from the sea. Men were walking rapidly past, equipped with rubbers, umbrellas, and raincoats, but none of them pleased Jimmy; for men who came out in that sort of weather did not come out to be wheeled about in chairs. At last he found a customer, a big portly, dignified man who had been evidently caught taking a stroll without ample rain protection. Jimmy hustled him into a partly closed chair (the man said he couldn't stand being entirely shut up), and began tucking blankets one after another, around his legs.

"Here, stop," cried the man, "do you think I've come for a Turkish bath? Take off some of those bed-quilts."

Jimmy obeyed reluctantly, and then called to his one subordinate, a sickly looking youth with mild blue eyes.

"Tom," he said, "take charge while I'm gone. And you may as well be oiling the front wheel of that other single chair; it squeaks."

He then started off top speed for the hotel his passenger had named, which happened to be far to the southwest. Jimmy was a magnificent walker,

and prided himself upon it. He had made some startling records between his stand and the Heinz's Ocean Pier, and there was no sort of weather that could keep him from making good time when his blood was up. One of his favorite means of enjoyment while out on a run was to dash headlong through a crowded section of the walk, skillfully piloting his charge right and left, causing many to jump for their lives, and finally leaving behind a throng of breathless, astonished, and irate pedestrians. Only once had a collision occurred, to his remembrance, a slight grazing contact with another chair; but possibility of accidents added spice to his experiments, and his skill was certainly unequalled. The element of daring is unconquerable in some natures. Had Jimmy remained in New York, he would have become a chauffeur. On this afternoon, however, the scarcity of walkers and the slippery condition of the boards prevented any such escapade. Much to his discomfort, also, the portly gentleman was in no inclination to go fast, and frequently called out that he was out for the air, not for a broken neck.

Curiously enough, the rain stopped when about half the distance had been covered; and although it was still damp and cold, the occupant of the chair insisted on the side windows being removed and placed at his feet. He again gave his pilot to under-

stand that his oceanside visit had been made for the air, all the air, and nothing but the air.

"He'll get enough air to suit him," grumbled Jimmy, who was watching with anxious eyes every movement of the passenger's feet, that were in dangerous proximity to the window-panes. "Like as not he'll be in bed to-night with the croup. I've known 'em to be taken that way before."

While considering this cheerful prospect, he was interrupted by another call from inside the chair. "Yes, sir," said Jimmy, trying to push sideways as he peered around the corner.

"What's your name?" demanded the stout gentleman.

"James Harding, sir, thirty-five years old, sir; wouldn't think it, would you sir? I tell you it's mighty hard lines pushing these chairs about every day, sir, especially when I've seen better days. Been at this business for nearly six years, sir, and it's kind of trying." Jimmy's great delight was to get hold of someone who would listen to his tale of woe.

"Stop," said the man. "I didn't ask for your whole history. Well, James, you do look as if you were fit for something better. Where's your home?"

"Atlantic City's what you might call my home now, sir. But I was born up in New York State. Oneida is where I came from."

"Oneida!" bellowed the man and made a startled movement.

"Look out for your feet!" yelled Jimmy; but he was too late, and the ponderous shoe crashed through the two windows.

Several little urchins came running up from nowhere as the chair stopped, and Jimmy wished fervently that he dared express his thoughts.

"D—— the thing!" said the man. "And my gouty foot, too. Never mind your old bay windows; I'll write you out a check for what you think they were worth. But for heaven's sake clear away this mess."

This task was long and tedious, and Jimmy mourned over his lost running time. When they finally started again, the crowd of onlookers were blocking the walk, and were persuaded with difficulty to move.

"Oneida!" began the man, where he had left off. "Why that's my home town. I thought your name was familiar. Why I remember old Dr. Harding. How long since you've seen the old place?"

"Not since my father died, sir, nine years ago. I haven't any other relations there to speak of, and besides that, I haven't had a chance to go."

"Not had a chance! Who would have thought old man Harding's son would be pushing chairs at a cheap resort like this!" Then to Jimmy, "I suppose you'd like to do something better than this."



"Yes, sir, I should say so. It's kind of hard to shake a job like this, though; you get stuck here and you have to stay."

"Well, Harding, as I said before, you look mighty intelligent, and I'm going to give you a chance. Ever think of trying the banking business?"

Jimmy answered that that was about the only line he hadn't thought of trying.

"And it's about the first thing you should have tried," affirmed the other.

"Well, that's the line I'm in. I'm president of one of the largest banks in New York, and am just off on a vacation. You wanting to push ahead faster all the time sort of pleased me although it wasn't comfortable. That's what you want to do when you get in the business—push! Couldn't have too many pushers. Things have got to be pushed along all the time. You come up on the train with me in the morning, and we'll start you in to see what you can do. Do you agree?"

Jimmy was jubilant. It really seemed that his luck had finally changed, and that his long delayed conquest had begun. After depositing his newly found benefactor at his hotel, and promising to be on hand in the morning, he made a record run down the walk to where Tom was standing on a melancholy watch over the chairs.

"I'm going away, Kid," Jimmy shouted breathlessly. "I'm going away to-morrow. You can have the chair business if you want it; and say, here's something to start off with," he added, tossing, a ten-dollar bill carelessly into the hands of the astonished Tom. With this he dashed off to his lodgings, while the blue-eyed young man gazed foolishly after him, speechless, thunderstruck.

Jimmy took to the business from the first, and ascended with leaps and bounds the ordinary slow pathway of a banker's career. Of course, he had his age to catch up with; but its head start was rapidly diminishing as he climbed the slippery rungged ladder from obscurity to prominence. His past years were forgotten, while all the energy of his former strides along the board walk were directed toward his business efforts. In two years he had served as bookkeeper, teller, and cashier; within a few more he was vice-president; and in another short interval he had broken free from his old relations, and had struck out for himself in the broking line with a million as capital. Wall Street received him with open arms, and his victory was secured.

About eight years after his première entrance into the business world, Harding stopped for breath and gazed about him. His short, but unchecked career, lay behind like a bright, steep pathway, glowing and

gleaming in its splendor. It had been a sort of a hard, uphill push; but now that he had reached the stage of being slandered by the press, he felt satisfied, and began to consider the prospect of turning philanthropist. This last step would insure his glory and a fair place in society. Besides, he was quite tired out with work, and for once in his life thought he needed a rest.

Driving up town in his car, he took his usual dinner at the club, and afterwards startled his friends by an announcement. "Boys," he said suddenly, when they were seated in the main lounging room, "I'm going to take a vacation."

This was a knock-out. He was plied with deafening questions and explanations that came rolling over his head like the surf. Nothing more would he tell, however, and they subsided, dissatisfied, wondering. But afterwards Harding sought out one of his particular business friends, Elbridge, and made a demand.

"Bill," he said, "I'm going off for a holiday, and I want you to take it with me." It was not the slightest use for Bill to complain, and talk about business, wife, and children; Jimmy always carried the day on anything he wanted, and his friend knew it.

"But, Jim," he objected, "tell me something about this vacation of ours. Where shall we go, and how shall I escape from my wife?"

"Work the business trip gag," said Jimmy. "Or no—tell her you're going to Philadelphia in search of a good cook. That's what she's been asking you for ever since I can remember. We'll go to Atlantic City; I used to live at the old place and somehow I'd like to see it again. And it will be easy for you to have your letters forwarded from Quaker-Town-by-the-Delaware. Remember I'm out for a rest, a real rest that I haven't had for years."

The next morning they boarded an express in the Pennsylvania Station that pulled out through the tunnel and started on a tiring run across the swampy State. About noon, Harding looked out of the window and saw the long row of board-walk buildings spread out like a black fringe on the seacoast. Much to his surprise, his heart leaped, and a thousand memories came rushing back to his mind. As the train drew nearer the city, he felt himself growing more and more excited, so much so that Elbridge had to ask him three times if he meant to be dusted off, or put on his coat. On the ride from the station to their hotel, his mind was a perfect whirl with old familiar sights and sounds; and, when they finally reached their lodgings, it was all his friend could do to persuade him to take any lunch.

Harding insisted that they take a stroll immediately after their meal, and they walked off down the boards

while Elbridge listened amazedly to a perfect stream of joyful reminiscences that his friend poured in his ear.

"Same old place," he cried gleefully. "Same board walk, same piers, same hotels for the most part, same beach, same air, same crowds, same chairs, and ——!"

A sudden happy thought occurred to him. He pulled Elbridge across the walk and engaged a chair from a man in charge of a stand.

"Get in!" he commanded to his bewildered companion.

"Get in! Why I don't want to ride. I've never ridden in a thing like this in my life. I won't, I tell you. What the ——!" His protests were cut short as Harding shoved him unmercifully into the chair and started off at a breakneck speed. Off he went, the unhappy Elbridge shouting and pounding on the window for him to stop. Right ahead were breakers, a compact, impassable body of walkers; and Jim Harding's soul was filled with delight.

There was a sudden scattering of pedestrians, a wild cry of terror, and a chair burst through the multitude, skillfully directed by a dignified looking business man. The crowd gasped for breath and stared in consternation at the rapidly vanishing maniac. A cop darted out from the side, only to be left far in the

rear holding a large greenback that had been thrust into his hands.

Back at the hotel at last, the thoroughly enraged Elbridge turned to his friend with thoughts that were murderously inclined; but he was interrupted.

"Don't say it, Bill; I know how you feel. I know I acted like a mad man, and nearly got us both in the lockup. But I simply had to get hold of one of those chairs again and push it. It's the greatest rest I've had in years. And Bill, dear old Bill, it was glorious!"

When a Leaf Turned Back

MARTY was speaking. "A man's sense of honor is a risky thing to play with, in many ways. If you knock him down too many times when he is trying his best to be on the square, he may turn around, throw off his principles, and surprise you."

Marty had just beaten us all badly in a fast and rather cold game of golf; and we were now seated, shivering, about the open grate-fire of the Midlothian Club House, while Peter brought something hot in glasses. It was always a characteristic of Marty's to be talkative after playing well, and we generally let him have his say, for he was a pretty entertaining fellow on the whole. Now he chuckled as a fore-runner of an anecdote of some kind, and we settled more comfortably in our chairs.

"The unfortunate case I had in mind was one of two friends of mine," he went on, "and it always seemed to me as if they turned upside down the ordinary laws of luck and logic in their experiences. I

doubt if their consciences are troubled about their deeds, even to this day, though heaven knows they ought to be.

"Tommy Hayes and Bob Jarvis were two of the most inveterate gamblers that the Hawthorne race-courses ever knew. They were the two original soldiers of misfortune down in the windy city a few years ago, and would bet on anything from the passage of a state legislature bill, to the question as to whether it would rain on the day of a cigar makers' union picnic in Lincoln Park. And they usually lost. The fact that ill luck pursued them like a baseball fan going for the pink sheet of the Sunday *Tribune*, didn't seem to phase their sporting principles in the slightest.

"Bob had his third share of the Jarvis fortune to back him, and Tommy came into a slight testimonial of his Uncle's esteem in a lengthy will; so the two would have got along pretty well both in business and society if their craze for the cards hadn't kept them low. After two years of fairly high living, seasoned with plenty of ponies and poker, both boys grew quite weary of their exciting existence, and on the dead level agreed to turn over a good, fresh leaf and seek employment elsewhere. They were pretty low in purse by that time, had lost their former social rank, and were fairly disgusted with themselves and Chicago.

" 'Windville's no place for us, Bob,' said Hayes to

his friend across a table at the Congress one evening in September, 1908. 'Let's sell our rain checks for the next Sox game and strike out somewhere to make an honest living—I take New York.'

" 'Take it,—I don't want it,' replied Bob. 'That is, if you can get it away from the Bulls and Bears. But you're right and O. K. about the fresh start in life gag. A man can't make a success by honesty where his friends are around to down him by his reputation. From to-day I clap the cover on all chance games and betting, and to-morrow I leave little old Chi for the great and glorious West.'

"And so they parted, Tommy to lose himself among the wilds of Broadway, and Jarvis to get off his Pullman at Carson, Nevada, which was as far as his cash or credit would allow him to proceed, and gaze about him in this new and unexplored section of the country for a temporary job as book agent or barber. Both of them set to work earnestly and conscientiously to earn a respectable salary and reputation in their different surroundings; and as for reform—why neither of those fellows would even bet with a Democrat on Bryan's being elected in 1916.

"For a year or two neither heard from the other except by an occasional postal telling of a change of address. Then one day Tom Hayes received a telegram to the effect that his friend was coming East in

a hurry. 'Will arrive on Overland at Chicago, Wednesday afternoon,' it read, and was signed from Reno.

" 'The old boy's struck a silver mine or a divorced millionairess,' mused Tommy, 'or he wouldn't be beating it back cross country like this. Guess I'll run up to give him the glad hand and make his acquaintance once more.' With this he scribbled out an answer for the waiting A. D. T. and set about pricing the berths to the West.

"And so the friends met again. Also as chance doped it out, they went for dinner to the same restaurant at the Congress where they had made their little reform compact, two years before. During the meal each told of his many travels and experiences in turn, while the other listened anxiously for some word of enlightenment on the real question at issue. After listening to a half-hour's dissertation on the beauty and grandeur of the Rockies from Bob, Hayes waxed weary of the waiting game, and broached the subject tentatively.

" 'Well, Bob,' said he, after a pause, 'now tell me how you're getting *on*.'

" 'That's just about the way I was going to put it to you, and I have been trying to get you to unravel for the greater part of an hour. But since you asked—well I think I can safely rely on our old friendship and your generosity in saying that I'm not getting

on at all at present. Including drafts and excluding tip money, I have about \$14.95 to my name.'

" 'The deuce you say!'—this from Tom.

" 'Well, don't take it that way, old pal,' continued Jarvis. 'Of course I don't mean to operate a leverage on your lending principles, if you're unwilling; but I thought it might appeal to your unstrained quality of mercy to see a friend coming back from his honest career attempts after years of hard work with a hard luck story about two blocks long in his wake. I don't suppose I've got any business instincts to get along with, and there's my trouble; this was so of everything I tried including the sale of 1904 song hits to the music lovers of Los Angeles. I don't mind telling you that my style in coming here was merely a blind, to try to get into partnership with you on the credit of my appearance, but I'm sorry for it now.'

" 'But wait, Bob! stop!' shouts Tom. 'You say you haven't got anything *at all* outside of the scanty cash in your suit; no business out west, Bob,—no ranches in Wyoming?'

" 'Nothing but a diamond cuff link in an Oakland pawnshop, which I can't get,' replied Bob. 'But what's the fuss about, you're all right, aren't you?'

" 'You chump!' says Tom. 'Of course I'm not. My last little lucre went to the winds when I beat it out here to try and get something from you. If you've

felt the icicles of pecuniary isolation, let me tell you, you haven't any corner on complaints. New York's a great place all right, too great in fact; and I've been so small in comparison at times that I've almost faded away to nothing. It's a sure go, Bob, that the golden garment of success doesn't intend to shroud itself about our shivering shoulders.'

" 'Well, for the love of Mike!' Bob's exclamation came like a dying gasp, and he settled back in his chair disconsolately.

"For a long time those two poor children of failure sat and looked at each other. Then Bob again found his voice: 'What'll we do, boy?' he asked huskily.

"An inspiration came to Tom, a thought he had put from his mind for a long time, but one that heightened his color and quickened his breath. 'Say,' he whispered across the table, 'the Aurora County sweepstakes come to-morrow, Bob. How does it strike your sportive nature to drop down there and pledge our little all on a plug that seems to us to have the goods? Do you get me, kid?'

"All virtuous honesty faded from Jarvis's countenance. 'I'm with you to death and destruction,' was his reply."

Marty paused for effect—or at least that is what we think he does it for—and gazed about as if waiting for some comment.

"Well, what became of them?" put in someone at last. "Did their fated failure come hot on their trail, and put them down for the count once for all?"

"That's just where you get in wrong," said Marty, happy to think of creating a sensation. "What did those two renegades from the straight and narrow path do, but haul in a clean \$500,000 in one afternoon of risky betting! And that isn't all," he added; "for after that day, they gave up the great game of gamble for good, bought up a wholesale breakfast food concern that was about to fail, and are now among our prominent millionaires in the philanthropist business. Just the other day I saw Tom Hayes come down Michigan Boulevard, stop in front of Grant's statue, and throw out about five hundred packages of 'Puffed Oats' to the children playing about on the grass. It doesn't seem quite right according to our notions of virtue furnishing your free lunch and your fortune, that these two should have come off with the cash in the way they did; but about the only proverb we can draw from the deal to fit the case would be: 'If you have your heart set on turning over a new leaf, be sure there isn't something you haven't read on the other page.' "

A Failing of the Fair

SOMEONE had done the trick at last.

For a half hour we had lounged about in a corner of the palm room at the Congress, while the massive marble fountain in the center had been tinkling conversation all to itself, but until now the shroud of silence had been spread over our little table. We had dropped in at eleven after moping through a musicless musical comedy, and had intended just to have a chat, and open one or two of a certain brand before packing off to bed. And now after a weary wait someone had started an argument with Marty.

The subject under discussion was a girl, a sweet young thing, who looked up in a smiling way at the youth beside her.

Fred had recognized them as the Herricks (Herrick, is the local editor in the small town where Fred goes for the summer) and he had remarked it was a shame for the former to blow his wife to supper in such a



gaudy glittering place, when they were living on eighty a month.

Marty laughed. "You've got things twisted, boy. Otherwise, what you said applies. It's a way the women have."

Fred seemed quite indignant, and assumed the air of a champion. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Trust her," smiled Marty; "she knows where to take him." Then, as the other was about to exclaim, he raised his hand. "Listen, little one," said he, "and take to heart the truth of a touching tale. If it fails to floor you, I'll recant.

"It was when Dan Dunham was at college, his last year, I think, that his old man amassed his multi-millions, in a moving-picture business. Until this bit of brightness on the part of *Pater Familias*, the poor lad had been struggling along in his studies, with never a glance for the giddy gay, and had stood in a fair way to become one of your hard-working Congressmen, when the sudden luxury of lucre crossed his career. His last few months at the U. of Chi. were sizzling with the excitement of what he would do when he got out, and for this unhappy reason it was good-by to the A. B. and the *magna cum laude* he had worked for during five years.

"The 'joy-of-living' sensation, however, dampened,

when poor Pa fell sick of a fever, and left the weary world in the very height of his glory. Danny wept, as all good sons should, for his father had been kind to him in his last moments; even though his duties as traveling agent had kept the two apart for most of their lives.

"The last will and testament had made Dan the puzzled possessor of a wealth in seven ciphers (which, by the way, was quite a step from thirty a month), and left him wondering what else there was to get in the world. Society seemed the nearest and dearest thing to grasp, and so Danny immediately set about acquiring a sixty per cent. interest in that most desirable security. The first acquisitions were a magnificent mansion and a ninety-horse-power car; these were the essentials. In the next place, he found that membership in most of the fashionable clubs could be purchased at the low price of somewhere in the ten thousands, while it cost him little or nothing to keep well supplied in golf sticks and balls. But what he couldn't understand one little bit was that he didn't fall into the way of flowery favors from the First Families. They lounged in his limousines, sipped his sherry, and even smoked his cigars, but in the clubrooms and on the links he had somewhat the sensations of an ostracized oyster.

"Charley Ross, who had been his sole chum through



their college course, still remained the one and only confidant. Ross, who lived in respectable poverty on the south side, had the bitter burden of the exact reverse of Dunham's fortune, to the extent that a clean five hundred thousand of the family's moderate wealth had dropped to destruction in a bottomless mine. But Charley held the lofty look of the old nobility, and it was natural that he should be quite contemptuous and amused at his schoolmate's wholesale methods in buying a social standing.

"'You're wrong, Dan, you're all wrong,' he would say. 'Money will never put you on a footing with these people. You can't understand aristocracy; they simply despise you for the dinners you give them.'

"'I guess that's right,' the other would sigh. 'From the way they're acting now I guess they'd get up and leave the vaudeville if any of father's moving pictures happened to appear.'

"And then came the girl; the one to prove my point, you know. It was one day, when Dunham was hacking and slashing his way about the Wheaton links in the vain hope of attracting attention, that he came upon a damsel in distress. She was all alone, and swishing about in a very pretty manner in the long grass.

"'I've lost my ball,' she answered, a little plaintively, at his pleasant inquiry. Danny took out one

or two dimples and offered them. This was the only thing he could think of doing; it seemed so silly, wasting time in looking for a ball. The girl colored slightly, raised her head which was a tangled mass of golden ringlets, and, after a hasty hesitation, took one of the proffered pellets.

“‘Thank you very much,’ she said,—‘that is, it’s getting late, and I’d like to finish the round. You, oh, you’re very kind.’

“‘That’s all right,’ he mumbled. ‘But could I—finish the round with you? I’m alone, too.’

“It was during those five short holes to the clubhouse that the trouble really began for Dan. His score was frightful, tallying in double figures for each hole, but perhaps this was on account of the fact that he was absolutely unable to obey that mighty little maxim, ‘Keep your eyes on the ball.’ There was something about those golden ringlets, which seemed to have a peculiar little manner of waving when she turned her head, that demanded his constant attention. He was just finding out that there were other things in life besides money and society. They all do, at one time or another.

“Well, after that momentous morning what did the trusting youth do but run to Charley and bubble forth with his overflowing tale! Well, you can’t blame him. A fellow really has to have someone to

whom he can warble his worship of a girl. But Charley was more disdainful than ever when he heard of the gift of the golf ball.

“‘There you go again!’ said he. ‘Why, good heavens, man, that isn’t the way to make a girl fond of you! Treated her to flowers, did you—expensive ones? Just like you! Can’t you ever learn that you can’t get anywhere or anyone by flouncing your filthy lucre? You’ve started in with a hopeless stumble, and there’s but one thing you can do to right yourself. Now look here. I know Mary—met her at the Robinsons’ lunch the other day, and I know of her family. They’re fairly poor, but very aristocratic. Now if you want her to think anything of you, make her believe *you’re* poor and hard-working. It isn’t too late,—you might have been just a little bit gay with the gold that day you met her;—any excuse will do. If you want to know where——’

“‘Oh, she told me her address,’ broke in Dan.

“‘Of course she did; I didn’t mean that. What I was going to say was that if you want to know where you could find some old-looking clothes——’

“‘What! Do I have to wear old clothes?’ This from Dan again.

“‘Why, of course. And you can’t go to see her in your car; take a suburban train. This is just

friendly advice, you know, Dan; you can follow it or not, just as you choose.

“‘Thanks, old man,’ murmured the other. ‘I will take it, for I believe you’re right.’

“‘That’s the sensible chap!’ and Charley slapped him one on the shoulders. ‘And say, boy, could you let me have the loan of five hundred, for—oh, for a month, say—as an old friend? There’s a little operation which I’m on the brink of.’

“Charley was wise.

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“In a twenty-dollar suit, which he had carefully selected as being particularly old-looking, Danny made frequent trips to the South Side that week, going and returning by the I. C. He did not want to arouse his chauffeur’s suspicions by leaving him daily in Englewood, and he did not want to risk leaving the car alone. Anyway, the trains weren’t so bad except for the everlasting soot and cinders. He remembered riding on the train in his student days.

“Mary Holt received him each day smilingly, but with an expression which seemed, he thought, to grow more like pity, or soft regret. It was that odd, unmistakable ‘always be a sister to you’ look, and he vaguely wondered what had happened to cause it. He felt, instinctively, that she would be calling him

'poor old boy' next. What had he done to make her act like this? She was a neat riddle, as all of her sex are.

"Then one day he found the answer. It leaked out little by little to his tardy intelligence, as Mary began to question him, as she usually had done, about his work, but this time at his series of carefully collected lies, she seemed more sorrowful than ever.

"'It's a shame you have such a hard time getting along,' she said.

"Then gently, very gently, she shifted the subject, and soon he was listening to her animated description of a motor trip she had been asked on the day before by a young man she had recently met. 'How wonderful it must be to live as those millionaires do!' said Mary. Then gently, very gently, he was given to understand that the young man was coming for her again, and in a short time. She really *had* to go up to get ready. 'I'm very sorry; please call again sometime, and tell me how you're getting on,' said Mary.

"Dunham said good-by, and turned, in a puzzled way, to leave the house. Upon reaching the corner he heard the thunderous reports of a high-powered motor car, and he turned, curious, to watch it approach. At the Holts' curbstone it stopped, and he drew back into a doorway. Imagine how he felt,

when out stepped—you can guess it, can't you—Charley Ross.

“Charley Ross! in a Scotch-tweed jacket, bright tan shoes, golf stockings, a flashy necktie and pin, a checked cap, and a bland confident smile. Then out came Mary, blushing and radiant, and stepped daintily into the car. Danny gasped, stared, gasped, stared again, and then thought of that five hundred he had lent his friend, just the week before. As I said before, Charley was wise.

“Back in town once more, Danny's astonishment gave way to anger, and anger, in turn, faded to the depths of grief. He had been done absolutely, in his innocence, by an old friend. It was a dirty trick, and one that he could very easily give away to Mary. But what would she think of him, and the part he had played? No, he couldn't do anything that he could see, except demand payment from Ross. That would be a pretty low-down thing to do, too. And then, perhaps they really loved each other. Oh it's a cruel, wicked world when your pal and your girl throw you up at the same time!

“But wait, you haven't listened to the last of this lovely little lyric—not as yet. The fair one's follies were not finished. Brighter days were dealt to Dan. And now I want you to absorb this most important

little incident, that happened as Mary and Charley were starting on their joy ride. For, before they left, she turned suddenly, and asked him for a bit of paper and a fountain pen. 'I want to write a note to father, if he should return while I'm gone,' she explained. Ross produced one of those combination note-, account-, and memorandum-book affairs, hastily tore out a sheet, and gave it to her. Curiously enough, however, after glancing at both sides of it, Mary suddenly remembered that her father wouldn't be back that night, and stuffed the sheet into her pocket. Curiously enough, too, she seemed absent-minded and listless during the whole ride, so much so that Charley had to ask her three times if she wanted to stop at Huylers'.

"The very next morning Danny found a dear, sweet little note lying on his table, and for the second time suffered a shock. It was an invitation from Mary to dinner.

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"She met him at the doorway, and, half-laughing, she took his hand in both of hers. 'Oh Dan,' she said, 'I saw quite enough of riches yesterday—and I like your kind of life so much better.'

'How can I ever let her know the truth,' mused Danny. Danny was not yet wise.

"Another week, and another big high-powered machine drew up before the Holts' door; but this time it was Dan's. Charley Ross, who arrived just behind him and suddenly discovered his presence, gasped for breath, and felt like sinking through the earth. This time Dunham wore the bland confident smile. Then out came Mary, blushing and radiant, and stepped into the car.

"'Awfully sorry, Charley,' says she, 'but I promised Dan this afternoon.'

"'Too bad, Charley,' says Dan, 'but perhaps you could find someone else to take out?' He had sifted to the scheme at last."

Here came Marty's inevitable pause for effect, as he looked smilingly around the group. We all knew something more was coming and it did. It was after someone had remarked: "I guess there was something I missed in the mix-up, Marty. How did the girl get on to Charley—or what changed her?"

"Of course you don't get on," laughed Marty; "of course you've forgotten that little incident I told you to look out for. So did Charley. Why, it even took Charley two weeks to figure out that the sheet he tore out of his notebook to give Mary that after-

noon must have been the one on which he had written:

"Borrowed from D. Dunham	\$500.00
Automobile for one week	140.00
Clothes, hats, shoes, etc.	75.60
Dinners with Mary	30.35
Amusements, theaters, sundries, etc.	52.50

"A fatal fluke has often cost a crown. As I've said before, Charley was wise; but wisdom without funds is folly."

"And what"—exclaimed Fred, rising half out of his seat—"what proof have you got that this story, with which you are pleased to slander the name of woman, is true?"

For answer, Marty leaned forward to see a table in the other part of the room. Then he chuckled, softly. "Look," he said.

There sat the sweet young wife and her husband, but a change had come over the latter's face. He had just been presented with the bill, and his expression was hardly pleasant, to say the least. And now, just as he was fumbling and groping in his pocket, his wife had grasped his arm, and was pointing with every evidence of rapture and admiration to a marvelous hat and gown to match, at the next table but one. "The lure of lucre," said Marty.

“As I said before, that woman knows where to take him. In three days she’ll be wearing the delightful decorations that adorn *that* extravagant creature.”

The Speed and the Barrier

WHEN Thomas Quincy Harrington, Esquire, heir to a million, and a fair social standing in Chicago, was turned out as a finished product from an eastern university, and was unhappily forced to part company with the little clique of lively sports of which he had been an admiring follower for four years, he very naturally started forth upon a hard and fast quest for enjoyment. This, as all true sports know, is the only sensible and desirable occupation, and was the one absorbing idea that had been grafted into Tom's brain by long experience with his wiser classmates, until he took it as a matter of course. Whatever original opinion he had held on the matter had been lost in those four college years, for he was willing to drift about into any code of ethics with the crowd he had happened to be thrown with intimately. And this was not because Tom was naturally a bad boy or a wild one. He was simply a good-natured lad, a lover of good fellowship, and just slightly too lazy

to think very much for himself. His idea was to treat the world in the pleasantest manner possible, and seek only pleasant things in return, a most excellent principle if applied in the right way, as clergymen themselves will tell you.

Tom's family received the news, or, more often rather the bills, of their son's little frolics with slight discomposure. The boy was young yet—wild oats, you know, are bound to be sown,—he would turn out sober and sedate as soon as he got into business. Besides, how could they be very angry with the stocky, pleasant-looking, sandy-haired fellow who came up with a depressed air and said: "Sorry, Dad; you know what an ass I am for getting into a mess like that. I'll honestly try to behave myself, now. And, Dad, you'll try to forgive me?" And so the easy-going but lovable prodigal was forgiven and petted, and left to his own way until his joy-seeking chums had led him into another indiscretion.

Now that he had at last received the degree, which Mrs. Harrington had so long desired for her poor, hard-working boy, Tom found himself in an easy way of following the pleasant pursuits which his university pals had taught him, and he was quite too comfortably indolent to break the habit of looking only for pleasure. His father had set him up in a rather easy position as junior partner in a banking firm, and he found

there were plenty of spare hours left him for some harmless excitement. An afternoon at the race course with a valuable friend who could give him a tip or two, an evening at a little game of pool, and, perhaps, a nice little two o'clock supper with a congenial crowd after the chorus had all tramped out from the theaters—all this had become part of Tom's daily routine.

It must have been about six months after his joyful home-coming, that young Harrington dropped in upon one of the theaters with a rather lively bunch to celebrate the first performance of the *Princess Pazaza*. When the curtain at length fell upon the gaudy, whirling display of dress, and the last strains of clattering rollicking ragtime were blaring forth from the orchestra, Tommy and the rest skipped out and around the corner to take their positions as usual by the stage door. Tom was the last to arrive, and when he did, it was to find that his pals were already strolling away to supper with friends.

He was about to follow, when his attention was caught by a slim figure just stepping out from the exit, in a long black coat slightly frayed and moth-eaten at the collar, and a wide-brimmed hat of coarse, black straw. At the same time two sporty-looking Johnnies of the tough classification walked up toward the figure, which turned to face them, disclosing the

pale, wan features of a girl that were not without a certain degree of prettiness. One of the Johnnies now advanced and accosted the owner of the frazzled coat in a confident tone of familiarity, at which she shrank back slightly, while the wrinkles in her brow deepened and her dark eyes looked quickly about to take in the situation.

"That'll do for you two," she snapped in a harsh manner. "Nix, now; do you understand? I don't like your looks. Besides,"—and here she caught Tom's eye with a lightning glance—"besides, here's the one that's going to feed me on Welsh rabbit to-night. He'd make hash of the likes of you."

The Johnnies stared sullenly at Harrington's broad shoulders, as he stood quietly beneath the glare of an arc light, his hat tilted back, his face a little surprised, but calm and unruffled, and his cane held lightly across his back in a horizontal position. One of the two made a motion forward and dropped his jaw as if to speak, but his companion pulled him by the sleeve and whispered something, and after a minute they made off down the street together.

The girl breathed a little sigh of relief, and then turned in a troubled manner to where Tom still remained immovable, looking after the vanishing figures.

"I hope you'll forgive me, Kid," she said apolo-

getically. "I know it was a rummy trick to drag you into that little fracas and tell a lie about you; but it was the only way I could think of to get rid of those hoboos."

"How did you know that I wasn't the same kind as they were, and wouldn't follow up the promise you gave me?" asked the other, somewhat interestedly.

"How? Oh, I could tell that you were Bobby on the square when I first turned the spot lights on your visage." She laughed in a low tone, and brushed back some stray wisps of black hair under her hat. "I guess I ought to be able to pick out the ripe from the rotten after this length of time I've been in the chorus." Then she turned her face towards him, a pale, pretty, though sharply lined face, rather pinched by hunger and fatigue. "You're no hot sport, Kid," she said; "you ain't used to this sort of thing. You'd better go back to your home, and not have your family worried about your getting into trouble. Lord knows I'd go back home if I could."

By this time some of the rest of the troupe were beginning to file out from the building, and Tom's new-found acquaintance made a motion to join them.

"Good-by, Kid," she said. "There are a few in that bunch that live out my way, and I always walk home with them if possible. Please forgive the way I called on you to rout those rounders, and I won't

forget the way you helped me. And take the straight goods from me to hike it for home and mother; you'll thank me for saying that, later."

"Wait," called Tom after her, a little nettled by her tone. Then, when she had stopped again to listen. "Now, look here," said he, "you've had your little say, and piled on me a lot of perfectly good advice that you might have used to advantage on some poor young innocent. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I'm not quite the spring chicken that you catalogued me. But there's one little speck of charity left in my system, and that tells me that you're hungry, and haven't had a square meal since Lord knows when; and I mean to give you one to-night. Just for your own good, I'm going to hold you to what you said to those two other guys a little while ago."

He laughed shortly, but there was a sympathetic ring in his voice, and the girl, after a first impulsive motion toward flight, hesitated, and looked at him doubtfully.

Tom smiled assuringly. "Please come, just for a little supper. I'd like to have a little talk with you. You really do need some food, you know."

"Heaven knows I do!" blurted the girl. Then: "Oh, no, I didn't mean that. But,—but, how will I get home afterward? I'm afraid to go out home alone now, after Minnie was robbed on Congress Street the other day."

"I'll walk out home with you," said Tom.

The girl gave another glance after her now far-distant companions, and then looked quickly once more at Harrington.

"Well, all right," she said, "I think I know pretty well you're on the square. But mind now,—no gay talk with me this evening, on your honor."

Tom promised, and they passed on down the street, scorning, under his guidance, the cheaper lunch rooms and Chinese restaurants, until they finally found themselves opposite the brilliant marble front of a large hotel.

"Oh, I can't go in there; not with these clothes!" said the girl, very much distressed. But Tom merely laughed, and led her, hanging back, through the magnificent, sparkling hallway, on toward the nearest dining room, where soft lights, deep red carpets, and the white tables gave a richness and an elegant tone to the surroundings. Here, he beckoned for a small table near the wall, in which they were duly seated. Then the girl gave way to her mortification, sank low in her chair, and tried to pull a bit of black scarf around her shoulders to hide her dress.

"Don't fret over your clothes," soothed Tom; "they're perfectly all right, and who's going to complain about them?"

"Oh, but look at those people over there!" she said,

in a frightened tone. "I'm sure they're billionaires by the way they look. That woman in pink with the fur around her neck is simply gorgeous, and,—now I'm afraid she's looking this way, and staring at me. I ought not to be in here."

"I'd like to know why they've got any better right to be here than you," said Tom rather indignantly. "With all their money, they're no better than you people, and often not half so happy."

She opened her eyes wide at this. "Not so happy? You can't mean that, Kid. Why, people can't know what unhappiness is if they have money,—not real unhappiness."

"Yes, they do, too," assured the other; "and plenty of it. But, come, I'll order a little something, for you're famished."

The dinner was brought; and for the next half hour the young girl ate with an eagerness and avidity which she tried hard—but only half succeeded—to conceal. Harrington was astonished, but rather pleased at seeing her having such a hearty meal, which he hardly had the appetite to touch. At the end, seeing him presented with the check, she looked up apprehensively.

"How much was it?" she asked. "I'm afraid you've been spending too much on me."

Tom laughed easily. "That's all right," he said. "It was only five dollars."

"Five dollars!" It was more a gasp than anything else. "Why, that's nearly what we get for the week in show time! And me eating that much in a meal!"

"It is! Great heavens!" At last he was surprised. "Why, how do you manage to get along?"

"We don't sometimes; that is, there are times when we just live and nothing more. Oh, it isn't quite the easy joy ride you think it. You have a whole lot to learn about the stage."

"But how is it some chorus girls seem to look happy and to be having a good time?" asked Tom.

"Because there's always a bunch of you Johnnies ready to feed them to a little something after the show. But, oh, I'm afraid to go off with them,—and I don't want to. I've seen enough of those kind of guys already. You're different though. I told you I knew that at first sight; and you've been mighty decent."

Later, when they had left the hotel, and were walking down the brightly lighted street, she turned to him again. "Oh, but I'd like to get out of all this,—this life, I mean,—the stage, and the people I have to be with. You don't know how hard it is for a girl who wants to be respectable. It's no life for a decent one at all. I've found that out a long time ago. I'd leave it all and go back home if I had enough even to get out of the city, but I haven't, and I'm ashamed

to ask my aunt in Wisconsin for money. She thinks I'm getting along well at some other business, type-writing, or department-store work, and, anyway, she hasn't any money to waste on me to support me. Lord, haven't I tried hard enough to get a good job! But they're all full, or else they say they don't want a girl like me. They distrust the whole lot of us stage people."

"How did you happen to get where you are in the first place?" asked Tom quietly.

"Oh, the lure of the footlights; you ought to know that well enough. It wasn't a month afterward that I began to wish I hadn't done it. But then, it wasn't so bad till last May, when mother died, after bringing Dolly here to see me. I've had to take care of her ever since."

"You have a little sister to look out for, and keep alive on your wages!" cried Tom.

She nodded. "It wouldn't be so hard if the pay hadn't been lowered in August."

"And your father?" he could not help but ask.

The girl looked away, and bit her lip. "Killed four years ago in a railroad wreck. It was then I started out for Chicago to earn some money."

By the end of their walk Tom had found out most of the story of the young girl's life, of her struggle to keep well and to support her sister, and to keep away

from the rest of the theater crowd. It was an appealing tale, and he found himself strangely moved by it, mainly because never before had he encountered anyone in such circumstances. The small 'playground of life in which he had frolicked seemed now to be unearthed in a most alarming manner, showing poverty and suffering underneath. He could not help admiring the pluck and perseverance of this unusual girl, however, nor fail to be interested by her talk. On taking leave of her at the doorstep, he finally obtained her promise to again take supper with him the next night; then he slowly trudged home along the dim, poorly paved street, a little more thoughtful than when he had started out that evening.

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Mr. Harrington's patience had been long and sorely tried by the little midnight excursions of his promising son and heir, and, having worked himself up to a sufficiently irritated frame of mind, was determined to give the young rascal the scolding of his life. He was quite surprised though, the following morning, when Tom remained quite downcast and troubled-looking at his petulant outbreak, and did not attempt, as usual, to laugh it off with a comic expression and a promise to behave better in the future. The force of the father's lecture waned, as he realized how the

boy seemed to be taking it to heart; for the change was as startling as it was sudden.

He finally ended with a mild rebuke, and a "Why, Tom, aren't you well this morning?" which made his son smile in a tired fashion and look away.

"Oh, yes, I'm all right, Dad; I was only thinking over what you were saying. You're right; I've been a fool sort of a chump, and I'll try to do better, Dad, honest, I will."

"I know you will, I know you will, Tom," comforted the older man, who had much too soft a heart for his son's good. "You've got good in you if you'd only bring it out."

And all this while Tom was thinking: "Good in me! Why, I'm not even worthy of *her*. Just look at the difference in our surroundings, and then think what a good and plucky little girl *she* is! A peach of a girl,—that's what she is. I wish I'd known her before."

Here Tom sighed heavily and walked away in a manner that again puzzled his father, who looked after him more disturbed than ever before.

About the stage door of the *Princess Pazaza*, that evening, Tom very inopportunately ran into a bunch of his old-time clique just as he was starting off with his new-found friend. It was quite annoying, and he actually had the curious sensation of being quite

abashed that the girl should know he had been one of them. There was one rather large and pudgy-faced fellow, stepping and waltzing about in a rather nervous manner, whom Tom remembered having won from at poker several nights before, and who now seemed disinclined to let him pass without ample examination and a chance to get familiar with Tom's companion.

"Hey, Tom, wherefore with the haste, Kid?" he called. "Who's your little queen?" and, with a wink, he swung around confronting the girl, who trembled, and drew away convulsively.

Before Tom could reply, two or three more came sauntering up with: "Well, well, boy, what's the harm in making up a little party at the Metropole?" "O, you flossie fusser!" "Here, Tom, do the honors, no monopolies here."

Quite hot with shame and anger by this time, Harrington ordered his former intimates out of the way, and strode through them with the frightened girl.

Quite taken aback by the sudden change in the sunny disposition of their friend, the others let them pass with, "Whoops, my deah!" "Where does it pain you, Kid?" "Wonder what's struck the old boy?" Tom glanced back once, and found them still looking after him and talking together, but he soon turned

a corner, and breathed a sigh of relief to have them out of sight.

The girl looked up at him wistfully. "So that's what you've been chasing around with, is it?" she said. "No wonder you're sort of confirmed in your habits."

The evening passed quite as before, except that Tom's companion took a little more care this time as to the size of the dinner she took. And Tom, as he listened to her cheerful and always pleasant conversation, found himself more and more attracted by this earnest and patient girl who was battling so hard against her environments. On the walk to her little South Side flat, he felt a thrill of pleasure of a kind he had not experienced before, when she clung to him just a little while passing a dark corner, and confided in him that she was more timid than the other girls she knew. Just before they parted at her door, young Harrington made bold enough to ask her name,—“just as something to remember her by.”

The girl smiled. “I can see now you're quite different from those other Johnnies, Kid; it's a sure thing you would have tried to label me long ago if you weren't. But I think my name's safe with you; it's Ruth Jennings. I won't ask for yours, because I don't think you'd like me to know. Good night.”

And she shut the door just when Tom was about

to protest and tell her his name, and all about himself. As he walked away he thought: "The very thing! I'll take her out for a ride in the morning. I'm sure I can get the Panhard, for father always goes down town in the Renault, and mother stays in generally, or takes her electric. I'll call around and surprise her."

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It was the advent of a certain dark, handsome, but somewhat haggard-looking young man into Ruth's little flat the following morning that made the young girl, who was busy with the preparation of her sisters' breakfast, at first gasp, and then run towards him with a joyful cry.

"Jack! Oh, Jack! So it's really you; you've come back at last! Have you made your fortune Jack?" she cried, in one breath.

"My dear little girl, how could I help from coming back when I knew you were here, friendless and alone! Don't you suppose I would hurry as fast as I could? I'm only afraid I've not come soon enough."

"But Jack, how about yourself, have you had success?"

He smiled sadly, and drew her to him. "My pet! I'm afraid we mustn't think too much of successes and fortunes. They are too apt to deceive us when

we least expect it. You'll love me still, won't you, Ruth darling, when I tell you that the mine I was working on proved a failure?"

She gave a startled cry. "Oh, Jack! Poor boy. Of course, I love you; but isn't it a terrible blow, Jack?"

He tried to comfort her. "Never mind, little girl, everything will be bound to turn out right sometime. We can get married in a few days, and start for the West again. I'm sure I can find a job somewhere."

The door resounded with a knock, and, startled, she went to answer it. When it was opened, there stood Harrington, jaunty, confident, smiling, and well dressed, his panama hat in his hand.

"Oh, Ruth," he began, not noticing the presence of the stranger, and oblivious to the girl's terror-stricken expression, "come out for a little motor ride. It will do you no end of good, and make you more fit to act to-night, and—" Here he stopped as his eye first caught hers, and then traveled to the dark-looking man who was stepping forward with a terrible and stern countenance.

"Ruth, what does this mean?" the stranger asked at length, with a voice unnaturally steady, and yet filled with a tone of deep-lying anger.

And then the trembling girl must needs turn and throw herself at the feet of her lover, imploring pity,



and sobbing forth the story of her hard struggle and poverty-stricken life in the city: of how she went on the stage, and how she repented it: of her fight with temptations, and with hunger; and of her final meeting with Harrington whom she recognized as a decent fellow, and who rescued her from the very jaws of starvation. For a long time the man whose knees she clasped in an embrace remained motionless. Then, softening his hard gaze into one filled with the greatest of love and pity, he stooped, and raised her in his arms. "We'll begin life all over again, dear Ruth."

Harrington, who had stood with a fast-beating heart and set staring eyes by the door during the little scene, now spoke in a quiet and constrained voice.

"Can't I do anything at all,—to help, I mean? I know how useless I am, but couldn't I at least pay for your sister's education?"

The other man was about to order him harshly out of the house, but Ruth stopped him. "Don't, Jack," she said, "he's been very kind to me." Then to Tom: "I'm afraid you can't do what you ask, though I appreciate it fully. You can't understand; you're not one of us. I'll thank you once more, though, and take your hand, and say good-by."

With the touch of her hand still on his, and with her last smile in his eyes, he turned silently, went out, and shut the door behind him.

Excerpt from *VI Form English*

Now far ahead, beyond the thick stream of ships and through the dense cloud of their smoke, appeared the purple outline of the hills at the end of the lake, and, glistening underneath them, the spires and roofs of Sault Ste. Marie, over which the yellow sunlight was spread in dazzling contrast to the dark water and clouds in the foreground.

Nearer and nearer we drew to the city; and in the midst of the mass of red-brick buildings and manufacturing plants unfolded the opening of the American Canal, two long white breakwaters, sheltering a silent, still waterway, by the side of which the foaming, leaping rapids swept their broad course down through the mist and disappeared. Their roar began to resound with a booming swish above the blowing of whistles and horns, when through the wide portal we glided, and on into the channel, towering with our huge black hull far above the little cement walks, running along on each side of us. Up on the hillside

to the right was stretched out the city, a scraggly mass of low buildings that were bunched on the other side of the long narrow parkway that flanked the canal; and back still farther, a miscellaneous collection of houses and churches. Bounding the park and keeping to this side of the town, ran a spur of the railway, along which puffed a solitary switch engine, backing a train of day coaches into a neat little station farther down the canal. What was evidently the main line approached us at right angles over a huge trestle, but broke off abruptly at the shore. Wondering at this, we looked across to the other bank of the canal, where the explanation was found in a monster turning bridge, pivoted on the edge, that had swung open to let the boats pass. Beyond and across the foaming, tossing river, stretched the remainder of the bridge, disappearing, before it reached the Canadian shore, in the cloud of mist and spray.

Very slowly, now, we slipped forward, creeping inch by inch along the margin of the white cement banks; for we had taken position in a seemingly interminable line of vessels awaiting access to the locks. This line stretched out behind us to where a horizon was formed by the long furrow of black smoke; ahead they reached to a distant spot where the water line ended and a precipice leaped to the lower bay. In addition, passing us continually, was the stream of

up-bound boats, barges that, because of their lack of cargo, raised their huge bulks even far above our lofty deck. Gradually, very gradually, we approached the locks, often stopping until the boat ahead of us began to advance. The railroad station was now opposite us, and beyond, in the city, we caught sight of a small, antiquated trolley car bumping its way along the main street. The larger proportion of buildings here were little shops and saloons, hardly one rising above the height of two or three stories, yet in glaring evidence with their red-brick walls.

The great black barge just leading us was now entering the lock, and with great interest we watched her being fastened securely with cables to the narrow sides of the "basin." Then two curved gates, that scarcely appeared more than three feet above the water surface, swung outward from their hiding niches in the cement walls; and when these met and formed a barrier, the ship began to sink, hardly visible at first, but surely, quietly down into a deep chasm. At last her higher cabins, stack, and mast alone reached above the shore level. At this juncture the farther gates parted and folded back, and the vessel steamed smoothly out on the level of the bay below. Now a small, graceful packet, the first in the up-coming line, took its place in the basin, and as it rose in the same

gradual, noiseless manner as the former ship had sunk, we could faintly hear the heavy tumbling swirl of the frothy water that, far below, was pouring into the lock. When the little packet, clad in light brown, had escaped from the narrow prison and glided on her way northward, it was the turn of our monster barge to take the drop. I shall never forget that curious sensation when, after the gates had closed behind us, the banks, the canal, the city, —everything seemed slowly to lift and shut out the view.

Once at the bottom, with a rattle of cables and in-drawn ropes, we were out into the bay and sliding down the river. On either side the sloping banks were strewn with buildings, spires, and manufacturing plants, while behind us the tall locks stood outlined in bleak darkness against the morning sky. An overpowering smell of dead fish suddenly was breathed on us by the breeze, which was finally discovered to be borne from a great smoke-belching acetylene plant on the western hillside. From underneath the shadow of the buildings near by, a lone ferryboat now put out into the channel, heading for the Canadian shore. Her small curving frame danced and tossed on the ruffled water, but with determination she headed her course, and shrieked out a small blast as a warning to the passing stream of boats. We left her there in

mid-channel, still plowing across, and the whole scene of harbor, city, hillsides, and small ships lying at anchor, now gradually faded out of view in the misty, smoky air.

In Quest of a Christmas Story

A LITTLE fire was flickering persistently on the hearth in No. — Claverly, casting now and then a momentary gleam upon the ceiling, and giving, though its heat was scarcely noticeable, a sleepy little purr all the while that spoke of comfort and cheeriness. The fire had been lighted with the distinct purpose of driving away that icy, chilling sensation which comes from watching the white flakes circle downward to the street outside. Now, indeed, they had so increased that their light whirl beat a quick patter on the pane. A desk in the corner of the room was piled with papers and books of all descriptions, and strewn with what seemed a very good semblance of artistic shiftlessness, and the titles of the manuscripts and notes, which suggested various attempts at the Great American Novel and the Great American Poem, enforced this idea. And at the desk, in his swivel chair, sat Roger Dunham, trying to write a Christmas story.

Inspiration, that fleeting, fickle goddess, who would so often lead us to prosperity if the world would but appreciate our thoughts, had to-day completely deserted young Dunham. It was rather a shabby trick, he thought, as he was in desperate straits, and as he had never before in his life tried so hard and consistently to invoke the Muse. Here he was, with Saturday afternoon half spent, late in December, theses without end to prepare, and this aggravating story due at the office of the college magazine of his dreams on Monday evening "at the very latest." He had tried appealing to the Goddess by his pitiful dejected attitude, but all to no purpose. His mind, he had found to his dismay, was apparently not under his control at all, wandering off quite uncereemoniously to incidents of the past week, or chuckling over some bygone joke. And there was that fiendish little watch in front of him, ticking off the minutes relentlessly, fascinatingly!

"I must think—think," said he, nearly bursting with the mental strain. "No, I can't write about an elderly old grouch becoming young again,—too much like Scrooge in the *Christmas Carol*,—nor about a little child dying,—too pathetic; a ghost story wouldn't do, nor a quiet country scene; Lord, what Dickens, O. Henry, and others haven't already done in this line isn't visible with a microscope! And yet, I think

there might be some room left in the field of,—oh, the Devil!"

The last epithet came as a thump on the door broke off the one pleasing fancy that had visited him that afternoon. His "Come in," in consequence, was quite an ugly growl, and he greeted the form that appeared with a look of sullen defiance.

"Oh! it's you, Ted," he mumbled in a rather modified tone. "What did you want?"

"Well, well, what on earth is the matter with you?" came back in surprise. "You nearly gave me indigestion with that look. What's happened, old man?"

"Old man be hanged!" grumpily. "I never knew what a fool place the world is until I noticed that young chaps always call each other 'old man'; while you hear men of about fifty sing out, 'How's the boy?'"

Ted Rawley laughed, undaunted. "Something has been going wrong, Rod; I can tell that easy enough." He came forward, and looked over the other's shoulder. "Well, if it isn't more high-brow stuff! What is it now, a Greek lyric or an Egyptian drama?"

"It's a Christmas story that I haven't begun yet," said Roger, reprovingly; "and it's due by Monday night."

There was more laughter from the unwelcome guest. "Dear old Rod, just the same as ever,—always behind-

hand and rushing things through at the last minute. Come, take a walk in the fresh air. You need it, and it will probably give you an inspiration."

Dunham glanced up viciously, shook his head, and turned back to his work. He took up his pencil; but just then two powerful arms lifted him bodily from his chair, half carried and half pushed him through the doorway, and, grabbing his hat and coat from the lounge, slammed shut the door behind them.

"Now look here, Rawley," he began, "sometimes you are the damnedest—" but, thanks to Ted's smiling countenance, or to his own natural good humor, he changed his expression to a grin and finally gave in with an "All right, come on. But I can't be gone long."

"Don't worry," replied Ted cheerfully, as they trotted downstairs. "Just a little stroll into Boston where I have some shopping to do."

"That's far enough," said Roger. "But perhaps it is just as well I got out of that poky little den."

He was glad enough indeed that he had come on the outing, when, as they left the building, he sniffed the cold, winter air. There was that sharp, delicious scent of fresh fallen snow, an indescribable sensation of pleasure, that filled both boys' lungs and made them quicken their pace. The crunching, creaking snow beneath their hard tread, the jangle of sleigh bells



around the corner, and the hum of a distant trolley,—all sounded vigorous and brisk, and seemed in tune with the bracing weather.

"Isn't it glorious and fresh?" Dunham said, as they were about to enter the subway.

Rawley laughed again. "I thought you would like it once you got outside. Yes, it is pretty fine,—a little cold, though."

"Lord, it seems to me as if you could almost smell the spirit of Christmas in the air."

"You surely ought to be able to get inspiration, then," rejoined Ted. "Come on, or we'll lose our train."

The gong rang as they took their seats, and the electricity was soon speeding them on through the tunnel toward Boston.

"Where did you go last night, Ted?" asked Dunham when the roar had become steady and was less ear-splitting.

"Dance," said his friend. "Sandy, Frank Devore, and I went out to Brighton, and had a peach of a time,—awfully nice people there."

"You're a gay bird, all right, Ted. I just wonder how many dances you've gone to in the past two weeks."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of," answered Ted. "Heavens, can't a fellow go round and have a good time when it doesn't do him any harm? I suppose a

highbrow like you, who pores over poetry and all that rot, and pokes around in queer places, feels that he's above it all, but you are losing an awful lot of fun, just the same. Why don't you leave your darned papers and come out to a dance now and then?"

"I guess you've got the wrong impression, old boy," said Roger, smiling. "I don't disapprove of dances at all,—think they are mighty fine things, only slightly exaggerated in their importance. But the reason why I don't go out more for them is because I am no kind of a dancer and positively don't like 'em. Now, next week, I've promised to go to one, and I'm looking forward to it as a perfect ordeal. I'd rather meet a girl almost any other way than at a dance! And then, these Boston girls chill me with fright, they are so formal and stiff!"

"Lord, you're certainly constructed on freakish lines. Well, you'll come out of that some day, all right, you dear old Rod, all woman-haters do."

Roger smiled and shook his head; then looked out at the road along the icy bank of the Charles, where they had just emerged into daylight. It was a picturesque view—that of the dancing, gray-black waters of the river, the whirling, racing flakes that dimmed in haze the upper portions of Back Bay in the distance, and the red-brick buildings on the farther shore,

capped with white. Roger gazed through the pane, and tried to think how he could base a Christmas story on that scene.

The train dropped on the down slope, lurched with a roar around the sharp curve, and dived into the tunnel, only to glide into the station with a harsh grating of brakes. The two boys were shoved along with the crowd until they reached the street where limousines and taxis purred and glided past in quickly moving streams, the new snow flying up in coarse spray from their wheels. It was the busy shopping time, between four and five, and upon the swarming sidewalk were warmly dressed, fashionable men and women, commuters of all descriptions, hurrying to get home before supper, and hosts of less fortunate ones, in frayed and tattered coats, with collars turned up, all pushing hurriedly on through the cold and flying flakes. The pale winter day had faded into dusk, and lights shone out brightly from store windows and flickered in the arcs overhead.

They had entered a big department store by the revolving door, and were now shouldering their way among crowds that could scarcely move above a snail's pace, so tight was the jam. Above the counters, where the sale of holiday goods was busily taking place, hung long garlands and wreaths of holly and fir, and red and green ribbons were everywhere in evidence.

"There is Christmas for you," said Rawley, as they looked at the goods and decorations. "You ought to be able to string off some kind of a yarn about the Christmas spirit showered around in a department store."

"But that's just it, what is there to write about?" complained Dunham. "Our magazines have touched upon almost every side of Christmas to-day, and what they haven't glorified, they've satirized. It's awfully hard to pick the kind of style to write in, too; you can't be too dramatic or pathetic, and on the other hand you fall into the canon of the commonplace."

"Why don't you try an old-fashioned tale—something about a country scene of a hundred years ago? The modern writers have knocked hash out of the Christmas spirit in their cartoons and jokes. You really can't find much of it lying about nowadays." Ted edged off towards a counter two aisles distant.

"No, I won't admit that at all, Ted. There is just as much of it in the world to-day, only we don't know where to look for it. These cartoonists are only writing for money, at any rate, and you can't expect them to tell the truth." Then, after they had walked a little way—"I will admit, though, that it is sort of a farce to apply the Christmas spirit to the spirit of this crowd right here. Just look at those scurrying, frantic people trying to get ahead of one another at

the counters, all trying to pick out the least expensive gifts they possibly can—and look at those poor shop-girls, working from morning till night and looking at those nicely dressed, fashionable men and women,—and then going back to their homes, perhaps wretched and poor, and to eat, sleep, and live with a sort of people they can't get away from, and yet have learned to despise by contrast."

"Ho! Ho! You're waxing quite tragic," chuckled Ted. "Take my word for it, those chickens are just like the set they come from, and perfectly happy where they are. But come on, we've got to get back to supper sometime."

Ted had made his purchases, and was starting for the door, when his æsthetic eye was caught by a certain face. "See that vision over there selling veils and lace?" he said to his friend. "Gee! she's a queen!"

Dunham glanced casually round. "Yes, I suppose she's quite a 'chicken,'" he said wearily, with a bit of irony. "Sorry I don't know the lady. Hullo! She's crying. See that tear-drop gleam on her cheek? There, now, there's a bit of proof of what I was saying."

"She's probably dropped something and they've dropped her wages," answered Ted, as he moved towards the door. But Dunham had stopped, interested, for beside the girl was a little messenger boy, with black, curly hair, who seemed to be crying too;

and the girl was bending down and whispering in his ear. The other girls and the crowd in front seemed perfectly indifferent or oblivious to this little scene, and after a short while the little messenger boy rubbed the back of his blue, striped sleeve across his eyes, and wormed his way out through a gap between the counters, out into the throng. He walked along quietly, snuffing now and then, but looking about him in an alert fashion.

Dunham followed closely behind him toward the door, watching with great interest, noticing that he seemed to keep edging always toward the thick of the crowd. Before he realized it, the boy had deftly put his hand into a chatelaine bag that was swinging from the arm of a stylishly dressed young girl, had quietly drawn out a pair of fur-lined gloves, and slipped them under the lapel of his coat, in the meantime wriggling off to another part of the crowd, unobserved. Dunham immediately started stumbling after him, calling the girl's attention to her loss. The child, in a hasty glance back, saw he was discovered, made a desperate effort to reach the door, and fell directly into the strong, firm arms of Ted, who had turned back for his friend.

In the midst of a quickly gathered audience, the gloves were probed and pulled from their hiding place, and returned to the girl, who glared at the little boy

quite fiercely as she put them again in her bag. She also was pretty, and the haughty tilt of her head seemed rather charming to Dunham as he stood at her elbow. She nodded a rather proud little "thank you" to the two college students, and was just turning away, when a small, girlish figure in brown wedged her way through the bystanders.

"What's happened, Jimmy; what'd you do?" she asked in a rather frightened voice, and both boys could see it was the tearful lace-seller they had noticed a while before. Jimmy looked sullenly down and held his peace, so Dunham explained the situation.

Then the little messenger sniffed, looked up, and pointed his finger towards the little shopgirl. "I done it all for her," he jerked out; "her hands get so cold in winter sometimes."

"Jimmy, how could you?" said she, in a terrified voice, taking his hand in both hers. "You know'd it was wrong. And now if they take you away to jail, I don't know what I'll do without you."

A voice from somewhere in the throng said: "I'd wager she put him up to it."

At this our lady of the chatelaine again raised her head in anger. "Whoever said that was a brute," she declared, and in the silence that followed she asked the shopgirl whether she was the little boy's sister.

The reply was rather a timid nod. "Oh, I'm so

sorry, ma'am, that—he did such a thing. I didn't think he could. And I know he never will again."

The fashionable girl leaned forward quickly and whispered something to her, then assumed an imperious air and said: "Please bring the boy outside where you can find a policeman."

They pushed through the revolving door, Ted still clutching his culprit, and Dunham bringing up the rear. Once outside, the haughty lady turned and said quickly: "I wanted to get away from that crowd. Now I want you to come with me and show me where you live. Here's the car waiting. And I'd like you"—this to Rawley and his friend—"to come along with me, if you could."

"What the deuce can she want us to do?" whispered Ted to Dunham as they entered the car.

The latter shook his head, but climbed into the limousine and closed the door. "I don't know," he answered in a low voice, "but I'm interested."

The fair owner of the limousine called an address to the chauffeur through a speaking tube on the wall, and turned to the other girl. "Now tell me something about yourself," she demanded.

The girl in brown was uncomfortable and embarrassed in her surroundings at first, and spoke hesitatingly.

"Jimmy and I live in a rented house on Cedar

Street with father—that's Mr. Ford," she began. "Jimmy and I both work in the department store,—and father,—well I guess he will get a job again sooner or later. You see he was mechanic for the Charlestown Electric Light Plant, but his arm was injured and he had to quit work. But you see, I'm afraid he drinks occasionally. And that wouldn't be so bad if—" here she stopped suddenly, to swallow hard and bite her lip, "if only he—that is—you see he—he had a ring of mother's, which she'd asked him to always keep, and the other day he lost it. He told me it was stolen from him in a crowd by a tall, slim chap with a scar down the side of his face, who slipped away and lost himself in the throng. But, I saw that ring yesterday in the window of a pawnshop right around the corner." She cried a little. "I wouldn't have minded so much if he'd only told the truth, and it was mother's ring, with a pretty blue stone set in it. And now Jimmy's gone and stolen, and will have to go to jail, and it'll be pretty hard for me."

Jimmy, from the corner where he sat huddled up, answered with a sob; but the Imperious One broke in earnestly. "He's not going to jail at all; I shall see to that," she said. "But I want you to take me in and let me talk with your father. I'd like to meet him."

Jimmy looked up in astonishment. "T'ank you, lady," he said. "I'm real sorry I stole your gloves, and I won't do anyt'ing like that again."

"You're mighty kind," said his sister, "and I don't know how to thank you. Yes, you can talk with father if you want to."

The car rolled up to an old eighteenth-century brick residence, with a colonial doorway, frescoed by the drifting snow. The sister and her little brother first got out, while the Imperious One turned to where the two boys were sitting, silent and puzzled.

"I really am very sorry," said she, rather hesitatingly, "for putting you so much out of your way, and you are very kind to do this for me,—but you see, I didn't exactly like to come down here unescorted. Will you come in with me? It will only take a little while."

She stepped out into the snow, and Ted and Roger followed.

"Say, what the deuce have we put our foot in this afternoon, Rod?" murmured Rawley. "First it's a robbery, and now we're dragged off here on some fool quest of a settlement worker!"

"Isn't she a wonderful girl!" replied Roger.

He entered the house, which presented a clean, but a rather barren, interior, with an oilcloth carpet and cheap wall paper, and looked about him curiously.

The place spoke of the pathos of semi-respectable poverty.

The little shopgirl had left the room a moment to call her father, and Dunham took the opportunity to step up and address the subject of his thoughts. "Why are you doing all this?" he said. "I can't exactly understand."

The fashionable young lady looked at him quizzically, with a little smile under her dark-brown lashes. "If you really want to know," said she, "it's the Spirit of Christmas; and I thought you would help me for the same reason."

Dunham drew a long breath. "Oh!" said he, "I understand."

An idea had just come to him. "Wait here for me, Rawley," he said to his friend. "I'm just going to step outside a minute." And he went out the door before the surprised Ted could inquire more.

Dunham walked quickly along the dimly lit, white-blanketed street, till he came to the first corner, which he turned. A slovenly little shop, lighted by flickering gas, with a three-ball sign over the door, caught his attention, and he stopped to look in the window. Presently he opened the door and walked in, at which a gray-bearded, stoop-shouldered Israelite looked up from his ledger in the corner.

"Here, Isaac," sallied the boy, "I'll give you two

dollars for that ring with the blue stone that's in your window."

"Two tollars, Mein Gott!" exclaimed the man, "vot mean you py offering me two tollars? Nein, you must ten tollars zu mir pay, pefore you take dot ring."

Dunham conquered a sigh of relief; he had feared it was valuable. He bartered for a while, and a bargain at seven dollars was finally closed. Luckily he had brought along his purse. When about to leave, he asked the pawn dealer whether he remembered anything of the man that had brought the ring there. A silver coin pressed into the old man's hand seemed to quicken his powers of memory, and he mused.

"Let me t'ink," he said. "Ja-nein-ja—es war—it vas ein tall schlimm man—und, ja, dere vas ein scar on his left-side face,—so." The Jew ran his finger down from his left ear to his chin.

When Dunham again entered the little brick dwelling, he found the Imperious One sitting and talking earnestly with the father, whose deep-set eyes and rather stooping shoulders spoke of long hours of work by the whirring machinery. At this moment they arose, and she began to take her leave. Dunham crossed the room to where Ted was sitting alone, wearily, but on his way he slipped the ring under some books lying upon the rude center-table.

The Imperious One had stopped to say a parting word to the little mechanic, when his daughter entered the room again, and stood with her back against the door, watching the two talkers anxiously. The little shopgirl saw her new-found friend turn and smile at her, then suddenly notice an interesting book on the table. She was quick to catch the glint of silver from the ring, and hurriedly came forward to snatch it from its hiding place.

"Look, father, it's the ring," she cried. "You couldn't have lost it after all. Oh, I'm so glad, I'm so—" The rest was buried in a sob in her father's arms. He patted her gently on the shoulders. "Why, so I couldn't, Bessie dear; that's strange. I wonder why I had that impression it was stolen from me that day. Perhaps I wasn't wearing it, and am losing my memory. There, there, Bessie."

On the steps outside, Dunham felt something soft pressed into his hand and heard a low voice whisper, "I saw what you did; it was splendid." Then they rode away in the limousine from the home where love had been reborn at the season when we remember the advent of the first great Love in the world.

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Back in the subway, speeding for home and a much-delayed supper, Dunham first gave vent to his thought.

"There is one thing, Ted," said he, "that I said to-day and want to take back. That was when I called Boston girls chilly."

"Wasn't she some girl?" rejoined Ted. "You ought to have heard the kind way she talked to that little man about drinking. She made him promise to cut it out, too; I guess what his kid had done helped to sober him up a bit. She told him to talk to Jimmy and take more interest in him. And she also said she was going to send some Christmas presents, including a pair of fur gloves which she would put in his care to give. And where did you slip out to that time, anyhow? Lord, you seem to hate to get within a yard of a girl. *I'm* going to see her again at the Copley-Barton's dance next Friday. Now see how much you miss by your policy of shunning society."

But Roger Dunham smiled in a satisfied way, and squeezed the stem of a half-wilted violet in his pocket. He knew he had found the Christmas Spirit, and felt that now he could write his Christmas story.



“The Merry Countess,” at the Shubert

THERE is very rarely anything startlingly new about the musical comedy of to-day; very rarely does one see anything original except a new dance figure, in which department theatrical managers seem to have considerable ingenuity. *The Merry Countess* is unusual and certainly attractive; yet its distinction depends not upon newness in idea, but upon its being uncommonly old, older than any passing operetta could possibly claim to be. Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* has been a long-time favorite among the repertoires of European light-opera companies, as popular as indeed all of the famous waltz-writer's compositions have just cause to be; and the ever-watchful managers evidently realized that in it there existed undeveloped possibilities of production; hence its appearance in a modernized form on the American stage.

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And it must be said that the altered piece has a great many pleasing qualities in spite of having been shaped to the musical comedy mold. The plot is of a stereotyped form,—though it may not have been in such long good standing in the day when it was written—that of a flirtatious wife and a still gayer husband who become embroiled in complications through their frolics, and are finally recognized through mutual discovery. Attention, however, is directed to the singing and dancing, which are both rather above the ordinary. The music, being a medley of Strauss waltzes which have proved delightful dancing for over half a century, has lost none of its charm, and its swing is the life and character which carry the piece through to the end.

As for the individual performers, we should say that Miss Collins as the Merry Countess distinguished herself by her singing, Mr. Huff as her gay husband, Max, by his acting, and Mr. Brown as the bored Prince Orloffsky, by his dancing. The managers for the piece have been fortunate in securing an attractive ballet dancer in Miss Graham, and the Dolly twins of Winter Garden reputation. The humor exhibited is less uproarious than usual,—perhaps this is a good sign,—but there are pretty faces enough to atone for the uttermost lack of merriment for the average patron of comic opera.



“The Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz”

(Houghton-Mifflin Co.)

It is exceedingly fortunate that George R. Agassiz should have undertaken to publish the biography of his father. His knowledge and training in the very scientific fields to which the latter devoted his life have enabled him to set forth clearly and accurately the results and details of Agassiz's explorations, while the close companionship which existed between the two has given him the power and inspiration to paint a picture of Agassiz as perhaps no one else living could do,—Agassiz with his quiet reserved nature, his humor, his little outbursts of anger, and above all his boundless generosity, and his devotion to a field in which he became the foremost man of his times.

The life of Alexander Agassiz is one of the many fascinating chapters in the development of science and scientific thought in the later nineteenth century. Born in Neuchâtel, Switzerland, in 1835, Agassiz

crossed to America when only fourteen, to join his father, Louis Agassiz, who was already a noted zoölogist, and a professor at Harvard University. He entered Harvard with the class of '55 and, because of the enforced classical curriculum at that time, did not make a name for himself as a scholar though he later graduated *summa cum laude* from the Lawrence Scientific School. His earliest training and natural bent fitted him to take up his father's work, and all through his life he devoted himself with unceasing energy to the Museum of Natural History which the elder Agassiz had begun.

After some years of work in Cambridge, he turned abruptly to another field in 1867. One of the most promising mines of the Lake Superior region, the Calumet, was in a precarious condition. Agassiz and his brother-in-law, Mr. Quincy A. Shaw, became interested, and the former was sent to Michigan as superintendent of the project. In less than two years, in spite of many misfortunes and setbacks, he had established the enterprise on the firm basis which it has enjoyed ever since as the leading copper mine in the world. The Calumet and Hecla project was fortunate for him, in that it secured him a fortune without which his later trips and explorations would have been impossible.

The long period of Agassiz's marine exploration,

from 1877 to his death in 1910, was his greatest and his most brilliant field. His cruises in the *Blake*, in the Caribbean, and later in the *Albatross*, in the Pacific, have been of incalculable service to our knowledge of oceanography. The date 1892 marks a definite change in field of research; until then his main scientific interest had been marine zoölogy, now it was the study of coral islands and reefs, and their formation. He visited practically all the known important coral fields in the world from Ceylon to Peru, and from his explorations practically all of our knowledge of this subject has been gleaned.

George Agassiz's book is well and tactfully written and carefully compiled. He had some of the most charming and interesting of his father's letters, and he has put them together with bits of narration and biography, which are just sufficient to explain and illustrate the achievements of Alexander Agassiz's career and to show a fine appreciation and understanding of his character. The book will be absorbing to everyone, laymen as well as scientists, and especially to the Harvard student as a noble example of what a life of unselfish labor can accomplish.

Prunella

THIS naïve little play stands on a unique footing. Its daintiness and purity would alone be sufficient to recommend it to the theater-goer who is somewhat bored with the up-to-the-minute problem play and the detective melodrama. Unlike the latter, *Prunella* does not sacrifice its natural charm and appeal to humanity in a desperate struggle to portray the life of to-day with absolute truthfulness, disregarding the total artistic effect as well as the moral tone of the production. With an impersonal, unworldly atmosphere, and characters which are partially symbolic in their nature, there are opened opportunities for a theme of universal appeal, which, it must be justly said, Messrs. Housman and Barker have presented in a most fascinating manner.

Miss Marguerite Clark's impersonation of the little "girl in the garden," who is hypnotized into running away to see the world by the leader of a troupe of "mummers," is exquisitely sweet and appeal-



ing. Her acting and that of Ernest Glendenning sustain the interest and height of emotion to the end, where the Pierrot, who left his little wife, returns, repentant and despairing, to be reconciled to her in the garden where they had first met and loved. The rest of the cast are well chosen, and, in places where the scene does not flow along quite as it should, one feels that this is due more to the difficulty of construction than to poor ability.

It must be owned that there are spots in which a feeling comes that a certain speech or dramatic incident has just "missed out" in producing the desired effect, and there are certain points in the story that are not quite clear. One wonders just why the "mummers" are so startled at Prunella's final appearance when they had seen her so short a time previously. On the whole, however, the work is satisfying, and the difficult, imaginative atmosphere is well sustained. The verse, in which much of the play is written, at times rises to the level of the beautiful, while the accompanying music, though not startlingly ambitious, is soft and attractively appropriate. The chief delight in Prunella is its refreshing simplicity. Its authors are to be congratulated upon their producing a charming piece in hazardous and unconventional territory, and the American public is to be congratulated upon its hearty reception.

A Real Outlet for College Opinions

NOT so very long ago it was suggested that the editorial staff of the *Advocate* institute a letter column in their magazine for the free expression of undergraduate "comment, criticism, and chuckle" on college life. As this is wholly in keeping with the spirit of the *Advocate*, which is to serve as a vehicle for all genuine undergraduate opinion, the editors have decided to open such a column, and it will appear for the first time in the next number of the paper. Every student is urged to write his views on certain phases of university life, or of the world beyond, if it so pleases him.

There are always times in our college existence, when we have just retired unsuccessfully from an argument, when we have studied the wrong lesson in Economics, or when we have just found our seats for the Princeton game to be in an impossible locality, that we feel like giving vent to something or other.

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It may be something we have thought of before, possibly have felt it coming for months, or else it may be just on the spur of the moment; at any rate, write it, and send it to us, for it is at times like these that intense feelings have produced great inspirations. Yet we do not want all the letters to have a grievance, although it is this sort that usually produces the greatest result. If you see something that strikes you as funny, write and tell us about it. Perhaps other people may see it too.

Owing to a limited space, at first, only those letters which seem to us to be the best will be printed; later we hope to find room to print all communications, disavowing, of course, any responsibility for the sentiments they contain. We believe that this will be a most effective way to get at some of the little defects and foibles of our university life, and hope most sincerely for its success, which will depend entirely upon the coöperation and interest of our fellow students.

One of the Hard Knocks in Life—A Bump of Locality

"COULD you tell me," I asked, "whereabouts Acorn Street is?"

The man in the brown derby and the thin, cramped face looked as if he was afraid I was bent on robbery or murder. He peered at me suspiciously for a moment, then answered: "No, I've never heard of it," and slunk off around a corner to get out of my pernicious influence as soon as possible.

Amazing! A man who lived, apparently, on Beacon Hill had never heard of Acorn Street. It was there, I was sure, for I had been told so by Mr. C.'s secretary herself.

"Mr. C. lives on Acorn Street, number — Acorn Street," she had said when I inquired at Mr. C.'s office where he was apt to be found. "Acorn Street is right up there on Beacon Hill; *you* know."

Of course I knew! How could anyone help but

know, when their wisdom was flattered by such a confidence of voice, and so trusting a smile? Beacon Hill was easy to get to, and once there, nothing could be simpler than to be directed to Acorn Street.

I had found Beacon Hill without the slightest difficulty, and had struck off behind the State House in a direction which, I concluded, was practically central, and would land me within hailing distance of every address on the Hill. And now I had found a man here who had never heard of Acorn Street! He must be a foreigner, or a resident of Chelsea, or otherwise unfortunate; at any rate, he must be an exception. Bostonians are noted for their ability as guides.

Only after I had walked on a couple of blocks, and had asked three or four more fellow wanderers of my destination, to be met with a blank look which could only express ignorance or concern regarding my sanity, was I inclined to modify my long-standing opinion of Bostonians. One man did actually tell me that he had an idea (at last, something characteristic of Boston!) that Acorn Street crossed the one I was on a little farther down. I think that man must have wished to lead me into a trap. I walked steadily for what seemed to me about a mile through an area of ill-flavored slums before finding a single cross street leading in the right direction. And when I found it (would you believe it?) the traitor brought me right

around back again, clearly indicating that my only means of escape from this region was by the street I had passed down some fifteen minutes before. Appropriately termed at my gratitude at returning once more to civilization, it was named "Joy Street."

Soon I found myself back at the State House. I was a little discouraged, but concluded I had apparently set out in the wrong direction altogether. I asked three chauffeurs, six elderly gentlemen, three women (this as a last resort), and one newsboy, of the whereabouts of my street. All disavowed any claim of responsibility for my case except the newsboy, and he offered a brilliant suggestion. "Why don't yer ax a p'liceman?" said he; so I asked a policeman.

His very buttons swelled with importance. "Oh," he said, "Acorn Street is off Willow Street."

"But where is Willow Street?" I continued, wishing not to lose the quarry, now he seemed so near at hand.

"Willow Street is off Mount Vernon Street," he answered a little impatiently now.

"And Mount Vernon Street?" I was desperate.

"Mt. Vernon Street is off Walnut Street, and Walnut Street is off Beacon. It's right off that way, only a very short distance."

"Thanks," said I, walking away, wishing I had had the nerve enough to tell him he was "off," as well as everything else in that region. I felt as though I had

just received an ineffective volley of shrapnel. On the way I kept rehearsing—half out loud, it must have been, for I remember people turning around as I passed—"Acorn off Willow, Willow off Mt. Vernon, Mt. Vernon off Walnut, and Walnut off Beacon. Beacon, Walnut, Mt. Vernon, Willow, Acorn." Every now and then I would stop and ask someone if I was on the right track; if he didn't know Acorn, then I would say "Willow," and so on down the list until I came to one he did know, and then he would nod, and I would walk on. Most of them were acquainted with the last two or three.

I reached Mt. Vernon Street, and thought, blissfully: "My troubles are now over. Once half through my list, the rest will be easy." Which simply goes to prove that though I have been in and about Boston for the last ten years, my Western instincts at locality have not yet been Bostonized. I doubt if they ever will.

Willow Street I found, and walked through it to the end; that is to say, to the first street I came to, which was where it ended. The highway upon which I emerged looked so imposing, and was so large in comparison to Willow Street, that I did not see very well how it suited the requirement of being "off" Willow; but since it had no signposts (I have noticed that the more important streets seldom do in Boston)

and was the only street I could find, I determined to follow it up.

Three blocks I walked toward the lower numbers, so as to be sure of finding No. — if it should be Acorn Street, but at last I found it was "Chestnut," and led back to Walnut, where I had just been. Every variety of nut except my own special kind! I returned to Willow Street, and walked back through it to the other end.

There was no mistaking it, this was all there was to Willow Street; just one block, and a short one at that. It was hopeless; the policeman must have been absolutely ignorant, too, like the rest, but had to say something to keep up a joke! I ground my teeth at what I would do on the dim possibility of my ever finding my way back to his post.

Then I found it. It came upon me so suddenly that had I not known on positive assurance that it had been there before, I might believe the place to be bewitched. There was an alley way halfway up the diminutive Willow Street, and it bore no sign telling its name. That was how I guessed it might be important, and was, in fact, Acorn Street,—the dearest, quaintest little bit of old Boston one could imagine. I thought of the old saying about the "great oaks," and knew that it was, in history and reputation, far more prepossessing than its appearance.

I knew it was great by the fact that the old Italian who kept a blacksmith's shop by its very side was so awed when I inquired after it that he could only glance up from his work and jerk his thumb in the direction of the hallowed spot. I knew, positively, that it was great when told its history by Mr. C., a tale more weighty than that of its discovery, and one which I must not here disclose. A very real street is Acorn Street: poetry, romance, full of it; beauty, it has been painted a dozen times or more; human interest—why that very Italian blacksmith, to whom I had spoken, had once almost!——

At any rate, it was Acorn Street; I had found it and would come again, and perhaps (who knows?) profit somewhat by my search for the great things that are to be found in life.

For Music Lovers—An Interpretation

IN this number appears a most delightful essay for all those who are interested in music or musical thought, "Robert Schumann and his 'Warum'." The article seeks to find a new meaning of this little sketch, which has been the subject of so much discussion among biographers, by looking more closely into the life of the composer. We would heartily recommend all to read this contribution, as the subject is treated interestingly even for an outsider to the field of musical appreciation, and the style is above the average of the Harvard undergraduate.

We Live and Learn

THE Michigan team had just trotted out upon the field, amid a great volume of wild Western applause, and a flourish of yellow chrysanthemums.

"There," cried the girl at my side, "isn't that perfectly great? Doesn't that beat any enthusiasm your Harvard men ever show?"

"Oh, I don't know," said I, "how do you make that out?" It was my private opinion that Harvard contained fully as much spirit as its more rampant rival of the West, though, perhaps, did not exhibit it in such a boisterous or ingenuous fashion. I refrained, however, from making such an observation, wishing to see what she might say.

"Why, you don't know what spirit means, here in Cambridge; you people take things so indifferently and sleepily. You're all much too satisfied with the way you do things at present,—never want to learn the other fellow's point of view, or find out what he's like. Now, just look at the number that have come

on from the West to see this game. Do you think Harvard would ever do the same, if they happened to play Michigan in Ann Arbor next year? I should say not."

She looked quite pretty, an animated little creature in a fur coat that seemed three times her size. The situation was rather curious. Here I was, a Michigan-born man, usually conceded by my friends as having strong Western proclivities, and therefore indulgently tolerated,—while she had lived most of her life within the very sight of the State House on Beacon Hill. She was now, however, engaged to a graduate of Ann Arbor, and was much inclined to scorn Boston's refining influence for the enterprise and youthful enthusiasm that only those who know a Westerner, or have heard him talk, can appreciate or understand.

It was a curious position,—my defense of the East and its institutions; but I knew that the East would be very grateful for my loyalty. So many criticisms of "effete and useless New England" had I heard from my enterprising Western friends, that I was struck with pity. Finally I said, to arouse a little sympathy, too, on her part, "But your brother went to Harvard."

The appeal did not have effect. "Yes, I know he did, and that's mainly why I'm so tired of hearing

about Harvard. Why can't Harvard men ever think of anything different, or do something new?"

"What do you want us to do?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know, you never have any new cheers, you never get out and *do* anything. Most of the men don't care about the college one way or another."

The game had begun, so I left this blow go unchallenged and began to watch the play. The blue-stockinged men had the jump on us, and for a time plunged through our line quite successfully. My partner was quite unmerciful, applauding each Michigan play, and taking every opportunity to show our opponent's superiority, even telling me that I ought to be on their side, and that I knew I really was!

During the intermission I was much interested at the most extravagant display furnished by the blue and yellow band; but, realizing that some of my college mates would classify it as an advertising scheme, I smiled.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said the girl. "Don't put on that mildly amused air, as if you were indulging a lot of children. That band shows wonderful college spirit, and I think it's just great! What do you have to show at a game?"

She laughed at the mention of the white "H" on the red background. She had heard it talked to death, and scorned it, as well as every good exhibition

of Harvard enterprise or enthusiasm that I could mention. So I finally lapsed into meekness, trying to lighten the situation occasionally by an observation intended to be humorous.

When the game was over and I was escorting her down the concrete steps through the flying mass of hats and overcoats, she sent home one more volley: "Well! they ought to have won, and you know it, too!"

I could only mumble something foolish about it having been a peach of a game, and that both teams deserved to win, for I was too confused. East and West were tumbling over each other in my mind, hopelessly entangled. When I get them straightened out again, I hope to draw some valuable conclusions; in the meantime I am wondering if it is sometimes a misfortune to be too broad-minded.

Lampy, the Lollard

WE hail the two latest Purifiers of the Press,—the *Harvard Lampoon* and the *Boston American*. Un-speakably shocked by an article in a recent number of the *Advocate*, which purported to represent a Harvard student as using “real swear words,” these great champions of cleanliness and high-mindedness in journalism have been aroused to indignant protest. This first bit of worthy and intelligent criticism coming from our friend and neighbor, who is usually suffering from an acute case of literary delirium tremens, is highly laudable. From the *American*, of course, a stern reproof of anything not up to the loftiest standards of publication was to be expected.

But why these unworthy methods of attack? Says “Lampy,” naïvely, “Old Mother *Advocate* has long been a farce”; and so has everything else that stands for anything good in the University been—to “Lampy.” Which merely goes to prove the old saying that “to the fool, all things are foolish.” “Ordinarily,”

continues the Mighty Motley, "she has kept within the bounds of decency." We are most grieved to admit, after glancing over some of our adversary's past career, that we cannot return this compliment. But here comes the grand climax, a very masterpiece of sarcasm: "Is the *Advocate* so hard up for laugh-producing material that she must descend to the expedient which *farceurs* know to be the cheapest of all guffaw-getters?"

With all due deference to our babbling brother's preëminence as a *farceur*, we would beg him kindly to note that, although he may imagine to the contrary, there are other ends to be gained in literature besides the production of guffaws, and possibly not one half so cheap.

O maudlin asylum for college wits, it is best to keep to one's own side of the road. If you would be inclined to take advice from one who appreciates your moments of humor as well as your other periods of sadly strained attempts at jocularity, we would ask you to refrain from poking fun at that which is often above your own standards. Even the *American*, we think, subtly appreciates the incongruity of the situation. Would you believe it, "Lampy," we think he is laughing at you!

In the Cause of Efficiency

THERE is something almost pathetically hopeless each year, when college activities (section meetings and other sports included) are just beginning, in the futile struggle of the Man of Many Interests to arrange a good workable schedule, so as to take in all of his different hobbies. It seems as though there were a devilish conspiracy among most of the bandmasters in the great university concert hall to start playing at the selfsame instant, effectually drowning out each other's appeal, and making listening to any one of them well-nigh impossible, unless one's attention is wholly and exclusively devoted to that quarter.

The planning out of a schedule of courses, with all its confusing confictions, is a hard enough task to begin with, it would seem, without the additional perplexity of a choice between the sweeter things of life. Every activity in which a man is interested is very likely to hold its meetings at the selfsame day

and hour. Though the combination of Music and Debating may be the one desired by a student for his hours of relaxation, he may find that, although Chess and Music, or Chess and Debating are perfectly allowable, the duo of Music and Debating is impossible.

Why would it not be a laudable scheme for there to be formed some general board of management for the mutual tolerance of college interests? Room for advancement in this line in the future would seem to lie in coöperation, as there are not a few cases of rival societies, all working along somewhat the same lines. A case in point is the multiplicity of organizations attempting to further the cause of oratory and debate on current topics. With the Oxford Union as an ideal, it would seem that some sort of an open forum for argument on matters political, or of national or world-wide importance, could be formed. This plan could be made attractive by having prominent authorities come to address the forum every so often, and it would thereby gain a prestige and popularity now not enjoyed by all the various political and speaking clubs together. It would serve, likewise, to bring together men of all sorts and of different views on life, who by their talk on various matters would serve in enlightening and broadening each other's viewpoint. This is not the case with any of the political clubs, as they bring together only those men who are of the

same opinion already. They, it is true, do not exist for the college, but for the political organizations.

In this manner, if the various organizations in college could decide in common council to form in larger and more general groups, two great ends would be accomplished. There would be fewer of them, thus allowing them to avoid confliction and accommodate all sorts of college men; and the power and scope of every activity would be increased far beyond any present dreams of influence. We look toward the glowing future for this ideal to be realized, but suppose that it will be brought about long after our perplexed and wearied brains have ceased to puzzle with conflicting schedules.

Reversion from Type

INTIMACY between brothers,—real intimacy, not merely an acquaintance with the other's foibles and eccentricities, added to by an occasional confession of a rather jocular sort, but a true understanding of each other's disposition and ideals,—is a rare and most envious thing. How much a friendship had sprung up between himself and his older brother, Jack, Morgan Royce did not exactly know; but between them there was a very true and close bond, not at all impaired by the fact that Jack was six years the senior, and had graduated from the Engineering School, while Morgan was having a hard tussle with experience in his first college year. It had all started, so it seemed, a couple of years previously, when he had been mixed up in a rather serious row at school. Despondency over misunderstanding, injustice, and rather trying circumstances had contrived to make up young Royce's mind to his first flight from unpleasant authority, but Jack had come

by the first train, talked the matter all over, and finally prevailed upon him to "stick it out like a man." Since that time there had been a constant comradeship between them, and more than once had Jack's counsel and sympathy helped to form Morgan's mind in the right direction.

While Jack was still in college, he often came out to the school to see his brother, and the two would take long walks together—"rambles," they called them,—and discuss life about them, philosophy, or anything in the world their fancy happened to turn to. Then, after Morgan had graduated with the brightest colors and the loudest trumpets from his alma mater, and had the very same year entered the great university so obscurely and inauspiciously that he actually wondered if he had not lost himself somewhere in the depths of his enrollment blanks, everything seemed to change. The world, college, school, were no longer the places they had seemed to him only three months before, with their clearly marked out hazards and steep places, with the ways to avoid them. Everything became curiously twisted, especially the fellows around him. There were men of so many different sorts, of such a foreign caliber to those he had known before, that he was at a loss how to place them in his old category of human nature. There were men of apparently fine character in whom he

saw certain qualities that made him dislike and distrust them; while others, who might be weak in their morals in one way or another, he found attractive, likable, and very much in sympathy with him on many matters.

Jack occasionally got out to see his brother from his business in a near-by city, and then they would continue their old-time rambles, telling each other everything that had happened in the meanwhile, and discussing world-wide topics in their usual light-hearted manner of supreme authority. It was on one of these, out along the bank of the river to the westward, that Morgan, with his first undergraduate doubts and perplexities still revolving in his mind, came out with a bit of untimely cynicism.

"You know, Jack," said he, "I've found out something,—something very important. Practically every fellow I know in college falls in one or another of a very small number of types, and these types are all determined from the certain set or clique they chum with. That's what's been bothering me right along. I couldn't see why a fellow acted so differently from the way he should by nature; but now I see that it's because he belongs to a regular cut and dried stamp, and this idea of living up to the standard variety has taken away all his individuality."

His brother glanced at him in a fashion, half

amused, half serious. "So that's where you've got to now, is it? It's funny, but I had exactly the same sort of an outlook my Freshman year, and part of my Sophomore, too, as well."

"But don't you think I'm right? Don't joke with me, Jack. I've been a long time finding it out."

"Yes, and you'll be a long time unfinding it again. No, seriously, Kid, your view of types is a superficial one, and rather narrow. You see only the outside of affairs, and you apparently haven't made any close friends as yet."

"Yes, I have, Jack," insisted the other, "but the one or two that I do know well are the exceptions. They don't go with cliques, at least not in the way some fellows do. There are some men you couldn't get to know well in college, not if you tried. They're too superficial, and are continually acting. You go with them for a while, like them, and think you know them pretty well, when all of a sudden you find something or other in them you hadn't seen before, and you realize they've only been acting to you. I think I'm pretty broad-minded," he continued, "but I can't help seeing certain things in the social system in college which make me want to chuck the whole business for good."

"Now, look here, youngster," said his brother, catching hold of his arm, and bringing him around

face to face, "you're in a critical state and liable just now to do something foolish. What's up lately?"

"Oh, nothing,—only a bunch, including my roommate, Bob, and some others, are going to take a house next year, and I don't know whether I want to go with them or not."

"Why not, don't you like Bob?"

"Oh, Bob's a brick, and I like the others all right, only, somehow they just represent a type that I'm tired of, all trying to be good sports, and talking about the same conventional subjects."

"I see you need a little shaking up, Kid," said Jack. "Here's your trouble right here. You have begun to find fault with college already, not realizing that what you came here for is not to act as a critic or general supervisor, but to get as much good out of the place as you can—you, yourself. Now the college—*i. e.*, the fellows—may not suit you, either in intellect or disposition, but all the same they're representative of human nature as it acts in certain conditions. What you've got to do is to study them, make friends with as many as you can, and learn things about them and from them. College is a wonderful place for a man to study men so that he may know how to deal with them in later life. If they seem superficial to you, it's mainly your own fault; it's because you don't know them well enough. One of the best things

I have heard said for a long time was from a classmate of mine who remarked that most of all the superficiality in college was only superficial. What he meant by that was this: that fellows have usually a great deal more depth to them than their manner and actions would lead you to believe. They adopt a rather stereotyped frivolous attitude toward others, even their so-called best pals, but that isn't what they really are or feel, not by a damn sight. You take the ordinary run of healthy, fairly successful fellow at college. He has ideals, thoughts, opinions of other people, but he isn't inclined to go around chattering of these to everyone in general. Those who talk of other people continually are called gossips, while those who talk of nothing but themselves—well, we all know what we think of them. But if you get to know any fellow really well, and in the right way, you can always sift to the bottom of things. What have you done so far this year, yourself; what have you been out for, any managership?"

"I was out for the 'Crime' for the first three weeks, until I got kicked, don't you remember? I have lab. work in the afternoons which prevents my doing a lot of other things I might."

"Oh, sure, that's so. Well, do as much as you can—take every opportunity you find to mingle more with your class and meet new men. What you want

to do is to make real friends, friends that will count afterwards, and the best way to find good friends is to look 'em all over. I don't blame you for getting fired from the 'Crime,' that's pretty stiff, but stick to it and try again."

He paused to take out a cigarette case, offered it to his brother, and then lighted both of their cigarettes with his match. The late fall sun was just dropping behind some factory stacks in a lake of orange and pink, across the marshes on the west side of the river. A restless little breeze with a tinge of frost in it sprang up and danced about them, making them realize that the Indian summer was nearly over.

"Winter's coming," said Jack, pulling his coat together, and buttoning it. "It's getting so cold we'd better start back. But on the way I want to tell you something of a fellow I used to know in our class. He roomed with a bunch in a house somewhere down Mt. Auburn Street, I think, when I was a Sophomore and was still living in Russell.

"Seymour Jenkins was his name (we called him 'C'), and for a good-natured, free-hearted, happy-go-lucky sort of lummoX, he sure did take the cake. He *was* the wildest son of a gun, too—going off on parties nearly every night his Freshman year, and appearing drunk regularly at dances. There was hardly an escapade that he didn't join in, and that

was what made him popular,—that and his sunny, lovable disposition. But he had a fine, sterling nature right to the core, only most fellows didn't know it existed; and there wasn't anything I wouldn't trust C with if I was in straights. He had quite a bunch of natural philosophy, too. Sometimes, when I'd be walking home from Anthropology, or Slavic, or some other fiendish course, he'd race up behind me, his big hulk chuck to the brim with animal spirits. 'Gosh, it's funny, d'y know, Jack,' he would sputter, laughing and panting at the same time, 'it's funny how one's spirits keep changing like this'; and then we'd enter into a discussion on the relation between spirits and digestion, which would end in C's saying that spirits hadn't hurt his digestion so far, and running off, laughing again. Now and then we'd go to the opera together—and Lord! how that boy loved music. You never would know it to look at him, but there he'd sit tense and straining every nerve while the orchestra poured its great volume of harmony out to roll around the opera house, or died away to a mere whisper of fairy voices; and when any part of the music touched him very much, he'd grunt—unh!—just as if it affected something inside him and made him cry out.

“Along toward the end of C's Sophomore year there came some sort of a change in him, though I couldn't

tell what it was. He seemed to be rather mopish all of a sudden, and didn't enter at all with his old-time fun into any party with his friends. There was a fellow, Prentis by name, thought of as rather a high-brow by the bunch, not exactly the greasy kind, but quite eccentric and solitary in his daily life, whom C had been going with occasionally. Prentis was quite musical, and played the violin. I had known the fellow slightly in my Freshman year, as he had played with me in the musical clubs, 'a side activity' he had kindly condescended to take up in addition to the Pierian. He had at one time held high social ambitions, but after a few failures had given up hope in this direction, and considered himself now in a lofty plane, far above such trifling ends. It did not trouble me at all to see C chumming with him, for C was as open-minded a chap as ever lived, and probably liked his music.

"It gave me a rather serious shock, though, when late in the spring Marty Fitch, the little magpie, who always ran over to chatter about a piece of news, afraid lest someone should get ahead of him, scurried breathless into my room. 'Wh't d'y' know, Jack!' he began, eager to make an impression by what was to follow. 'C Jenkins has broken with Kent Edwards, Charley Thurston, Gus Harman, and that bunch, and next year he's going to room with that fellow Prentis, over in Dana Chambers!'



"I ignored talking the matter over with Marty, but hurried to find C to see just what it all meant. 'Yes, Jack,' he said to me, after O. K.-ing with what I had heard, 'I'm going to chuck that bunch and room with Prent.' This was the substance of it, though I can't remember his exact words: that he had become sick to death of artificialities, and the silly, worthless life he had been leading; that he had just discovered himself and things about him in college, and what they really meant; and that he was going to try to be natural from now on, and live a life free from all conventional, cut and dried appearances.

"'But C,' I said, 'you don't know yourself; everybody likes you, and everyone knows what a wonderful fellow you are.'

"'Don't be an ass, Jack,' he answered, 'they don't know *me*. What they know is an amiable sort of funny jackass that keeps them amused. That's all I've been to them anyhow, and now I've resolved to cut it out. No blame to them at all; they're dandy fellows, every one of them, and my friends still; but they're all too superficial for me just now, for I've changed an awful lot, Jack, a hell of a lot. Now this Prentis, here, is the sort of fellow I like to talk to; he's interesting, has ideas, and he's sick to death of superficiality, just as I am. Together we're going to be

perfectly natural for the rest of our college course. I like him because he's a man outside the circle, because he's not continually worrying whether he's going to make the — or the —.

“‘But you don't have to cut away from your old friends like this, C,’ I said. ‘You can be natural and make them respect as well as like you, without breaking off in this way.’

“C got on edge, then. ‘Damn it all, Jack, but I tell you I do have to!’ he said. ‘I never could be different with those fellows, because they can never be any different. I know they'll call me all sorts of rotten things for leaving them just after I had made a club, but what do I care? I know I haven't acted meanly, so that's all right.’

“C and I ended our little talk right there. Next year he roomed with Prentis in Dana, and I was curious to see how the change was going to affect him. His old friends were still civil to him on the street, but after a period in which they successively thought that C was crazy, or was playing a little joke on them, they became cold, and made no more advances to talk over the matter of superficiality, now loudly noised about, at a little dinner at the Thorndike. C, on his part, always gave them a cheery nod or a funny remark, in passing, as he had used to. He spent a great part of his time in rowing, and managed

to get on the Second Varsity Crew, while in the evening he would work at his courses harder than he had ever worked before, or listen to Prentis as he played some Hungarian melody or other on his violin. Occasionally, however, he would come over to us, as in the old days, with his irrepressible spirits, and fix up a little party, quite like it had been before.

"Prentis wrote,—stories and poems and things,—quite good stuff it was, too, only rather socialistic in its tone. He became editor of a paper,—I've forgotten which one it was,—and he and another chap, named Salter, used to publish articles together on the labor problems, the economic crisis, and college plebeianism. C used to take rather an interest in these, although he did not write himself, and he often dragged me into a discussion of matters far beyond my ordinary depth.

"Then, one day, something happened. I never really knew about it until afterwards, but I noticed at the time that C seemed rather cut up. It was along in the middle of March that I found out that C was no longer living with Prentis. It seemed that Prentis and Salter had contrived to finish a masterpiece of an article for their paper, a *coup d'état*, so to speak, denouncing in the most stringent terms the inhabitants of the Gold Coast, both as to character and pursuits, with an attempted sketch of the usual life in this noto-

rious locality, exhibiting some of the prominent individuals in a way that was far from complimentary. C, as he afterwards, after much persuasion, had related to me, had heard this article read in shocked astonishment, and had denounced it as too utterly untrue to life and ridiculously mad to accomplish anything. After an hour's heated argument in which he attempted to convince the others of their folly, all friendship and connection was severed and C took up his quarters in a single room in Beck; while the article was published and made a great sensation.

" 'What can I do now, Jacky,' he said mournfully. 'It doesn't seem as if I had anywhere to turn. Prentis hurt me like the devil in what he said to me,—said I was just like all the rest of the breed,—that he knew I'd turn out to be a yellow cur some day and go back on him. And I couldn't make him see how hopelessly wrong he was. That sketch of his was no more fair or true to the facts than,—than I was about a year ago. He said it was what he had been aiming for all through his college career. I guess all that I've ever aimed for has been lost, too; for the fellow I respected and liked most has turned out to be narrow-minded. I guess I'll have to start all over again at the beginning.'

"And he did. Morg, that fellow started off and made his way right to the top! Made everyone

respect him, too, Prentis and all. He was captain of the Varsity Crew, and one of the marshals on Class Day; and he also wrote articles for the paper on student life as he saw it, which gave the true situation down pat, and were wonderfully influential on the men of that time."

They had walked along down the river shore, far beyond the street leading up to the square, and the sun had disappeared, leaving pale golden stripes across the sky.

"Let's have some dinner, Kiddie, I'm hungry," said Jack. "What d'y think of the story?"

"Mighty good," replied the younger, quite thoughtfully, "and I think it's quite true. But it doesn't apply to me, exactly."

"No, not exctly," said Jack, laughing, "they never do. But remember what a hard time that fellow had, even if he did happen to win out in the end. You can always work better from the inside, if you are starting to reform society. But don't think of that yet. Be natural, happy, and healthy, and, above all, keep your eyes open, and be fair to everyone!"

Cambridge the Backward

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Advocate*:

Only a few days ago, one of our acquaintances went down to Central Square to be enrolled as a voter. He was of age, could read and write, and could honestly and safely say that he had been a resident of Cambridge for a year or more. Notwithstanding these qualifications, he was held up by the officials presiding over the enrollment, who attempted to bully him out of his vote by a number of unnecessary questions and objections. It took him two nights to accomplish his purpose, and a considerable amount of "jawing," both on his part, and on the part of men who became interested in his cause. Other college men who lacked the persistence and patience to force their right were turned away without their weapon of suffrage.

In Cambridge the old-time boss holds sway, with all the glory of a past régime. The Democrats have just as safe a hold upon the patronage in this city

to-day as the "Tweed" ring ever rejoiced in, some thirty-five years ago, in New York. Cambridge is out of date, a relic of those palmy days for the ward heeler and the trafficker in political jobs,—the golden age of the practical politician which is fast slipping away in the more brazen light of civil-service reform. Some day or other Cambridge is bound to change also.

But Facey and his gang in power at Central Square don't seem to realize it. Or perhaps they do realize it and are trying to stem the coming tide with all the resources they possess. They know that all fair-minded voters would surely turn them out of office if they could, and so college students must not vote any more than it is possible to prevent.

Our friend, who has had such a hard time securing his right to be enrolled, was told quite candidly and good-humoredly that if all college students were allowed to vote, they might "intimidate and control the election." This outspoken bit of humor is only equaled by the story of another man, who is an acquaintance of Facey's, and who has had many good-natured scraps with the "powers that be" about his privilege to vote.

"Good morning, Frank," said he, one day, appearing at the enrollment desk.

"Good morning to ye," said Facey, "and what are ye in here again for?"

"I want to vote, Frank," said he.

"You can't do it," said Facey.

"And why not?"

"Because you're a Republican, doggone ye!" was the eloquent reply.

God save the politicians! They must be always using their fighting qualities or their ingenuity in some direction. While not engaged in loudly defending the heroic Teutons for their efforts to free the world of England's "oppression," they are usually spending their time oppressing a long-suffering public with their profit-making and their power-grabbing schemes. About the best thing that could be done would be to send the whole lot of them to Germany. Here they would have a taste of how Teutonic efficiency and *Kultur* fall in with their talk of "freedom" and "deliverance from bondage." Or perhaps (who knows?) the Spoilers would gain the upper hand, and the world would be spared the autocratic aspirations of Germany for the future!

A Share in the Good Things

THERE is a certain small boot-and-shoe shop in that district—remote and mysterious as Egypt to the average Harvard student—lying between Inman Square and the river, which is known to the ward heelers of East Cambridge as an authorized meeting place for men of good sense, fellowship, and congenial interests in politics. It is here, in a back room, partitioned off from the rest of the store and serving, during the business hours of the day, as the department of cobbling, that very often in the evening hours a cabinet meets. This cabinet, it is true, is unlike the national one in its formation and purpose, being composed of those prominent citizens of the River wards who voluntarily come and assist in the discussion of important matters of the day, yet its decisions often have the same executive force behind them. The voice of James C. Flarrerty has among the members quite the authority that even this nation's head has enjoyed in the meeting of his chosen staff of advisers.

Into the sanctum of this gathering, one late afternoon in December, walked John Cadman, Harvard student, athlete, author, and clubman, seeking entertainment outside of the ordinary college existence. He was accompanied by,—or had I better say accompanying?—Arthur Mattuck, a well-known figure in the city at elections and twice successful for the State Legislature. This shrewd little lawyer, stocky, dark, and alert, had thrown in his fortunes with the successful party soon after being admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, and was now a dominant figure in local politics at the age of twenty-seven. His word was respected and lauded by the ward leaders of the city, and his name was open sesame to any “joint” habituated by the bunch that knew him. So, on this particular December afternoon, there were no objections to his entering the “cabinet” meeting in Flar-rerty’s store, and in bringing with him a friend.

John Cadman, who had known Mattuck as the merest acquaintance in his home city, before coming to college, had met him a number of times since, in the rooms of a history instructor, and from a casual interest at first had established quite a congenial friendship with the young politician. This acquaintance was quite entertaining to him “because,” as he told himself, “it was something quite outside his own set whom he went with most of his life, and would

broaden him." There was also, very possibly, a little touch of pride for this "fellow from his own town," who had had such a meteoric rise in power for his years.

The two used to meet,—sometimes in the Square, when Mattuck's political interests brought him out Harvard way; sometimes when Cadman,—Mattuck never looked him up,—sought the latter for a talk at his Boston office. Then they would often go out together at five o'clock for a glass of beer, and sometimes take supper in town at Durgin & Parks' or Charley Wirth's.

"Art," Cadman would be most fond of saying, "why did you join the wrong camp? If you wanted to enter politics, I don't see why you couldn't have gone in with the right bunch of men, who are fighting for clean government, instead of getting mixed up with a lot of rough-necks, and playing their game."

To which Mattuck would laugh good-naturedly, and reply: "That's just the idea all of you college bums have about us on the side of the poorer classes. You think we're all grafters, and we think you're all loafers. Wait till you know and work with the men that I do. Why don't you come down to one of our pow wows sometimes and get my boys' ideas on politics? You'll be surprised at the way they do things."

Therefore, after many mentionings and persuadings,

John Cadman was this day following Mattuck to one of the secret council chambers of the despised roughs, politicians, and thugs. To prepare for the occasion, in order not to look too "dandified," he had carefully picked out a pair of trousers that were a little frayed at the bottom, and wore a crush-felt hat. Still, he felt a little uneasy on entering the dingy little cobbler's shop (used instead of a saloon, he thought, because Cambridge was dry).

The outer room was dark, but through an almost closed door to the left came light, the noise of several voices, and wisps of tobacco smoke. Mattuck knocked and opened the door at the same time, walking brusquely over to where a group of three stood talking apart from the rest, while Cadman remained in the entrance. The three greeted the lawyer with great cordiality; one of them, a tall, rather burly man with white whiskers, shook him continuously by the hand, and, bending over to say something low and unintelligible, laughed and slapped his back vigorously. Then on a word from Mattuck, another of the group,—one slightly built, but with a firm step and steady eyes that gleamed from under bushy coverings,—turned and with him walked toward Cadman, smoking his pipe. "John, this is Mr. Flarrerty," said Arthur Mattuck.

"Glad to meet ye, Mis-ter Cadman. Heard from

yer friend here that ye're interisted in po-lit-i-cal affairs here in the city. Come in and meet some o' the b'ys." He replaced the pipe.

The boys,—there were about two dozen altogether,—were mostly seated on small wooden chairs and benches about the room, which was lighted by two old brass gas jets on the opposite wall. There was a smell of old shoe leather mingled with cheap cigar smoke, and a faint suggestion of all the various trades that the men assembled might be engaged in. As Cadman went around the room escorted by Flarrerty, each of the men got up in turn and shook his hand warmly. Cadman's football training had given him a gruff manliness of demeanor and a slight swagger, which he thought proper to over-emphasize a little at present.

They were of various kinds and assortments, these members of Flarrerty's back-room club. Men of manual occupations, nearly all of them—or small merchants. There were some Italians, two whom Cadman guessed might be Poles or Russians, three or four Jews, and other unclassified and unguessable races. Although in the minority, the ones who assumed leadership and did most of the talking were those of fine Hibernian stock, of the type that is most easily recognized as professional politicians.

After the introductions, Flarrerty walked back

again to the group which he had left, where Mattuck and the white-whiskered gentlemen were still conversing. If the cobbler had formed an opinion of Cadman with those keen, expressionless eyes of his, he gave no sign of his opinions. After a moment, the big man, whose name Cadman remembered to be Dougan, came over to him and inquired jauntily if he were going to join the society.

"No," said he, smiling, and thinking it best to be frank. "I have natural leanings toward the other party. But I have never had much to do with politics, and so I came down here with Arthur."

"A-ha, a spy in the enemy's camp!" Dougan was jovial and unoffended. "But niver ye mind, we'll con-vert ye before we're through."

"I'm not so sure that you can, Mr. Dougan," replied Cadman. "In the first place I'm not altogether sure that I like your methods. It doesn't seem to me that you always play fair."

"Tut, tut, now! Is there anything we do that isn't perr-fickly fair and li-gi-ti-mite in the game?"

"Well, take, for instance, this case of Harvard students trying to vote. Didn't you really start something just because you knew they might vote against you; and wasn't your real object to try to 'get' some of the men of the opposite party?"

"Sure, we had nothing to do with that at all. Those



b'ys wint down there, a lot o' thim, with men they'd niver known before to be their witnesses. The b'ys didn't mean iny harrm, I know,—so they dropped the case against thim; but those other guys knew what they were doin', and knew darn well! Why, the son of a guns were tryin' to pull off the i-dintical same stunts as they've been accusin' us of doin'." Dougan's eyes twinkled.

"Well, haven't you done that same thing in the past yourselves,—signed men's papers, I mean, without knowing them? Aren't you taking rather a false stand now?"

"Will, now, Mis-terr Cadman, perhaps ye're askin' more than I can say fer sure. Human nachure is weak, and I dare say there have been sinners at times on both sides of the fince. Howiver that may be, the thing is wrong, and ought to be punished wheriver it may be found."

"Why d'you college fellars wanna vote down here in city elections anyway? The new voice in the conversation belonged to a burly, black-haired man, who chewed his cigar vigorously out of the side of his mouth.

"Isn't it our right?" asked Cadman, "as citizens of age, and having a fair gift of intelligence? Shouldn't you say it was our duty?"

"That hangs on whether or not ye're citizens,"

answered his questioner. "We don' think y'are. Now, wasn't it Morris, or Hull, or some o' them Harvard Square chaps who first put the idea o' votin' into yer head?"

"No, not a bit of it; that is, they got the idea of their own accord."

"Were ye one o' thim as tried to vote, may I ask?" queried Dougan.

"No, I wasn't; but I know most of the fellows who did."

"Didn't seem to think it was *your* juty, then, eh?" The dark-haired man walked away, still chewing his cigar.

Cadmàn flushed a little, for the truth was, he hadn't wanted to take the time. But he turned to Dougan. "Why shouldn't we vote down here, though, by all rights?"

"The Lord bless ye, most o' ye are no more el-i-gi-ble than a Rooshin count. Cambridge isn't yer home."

"But we live here nine months out of every year, and have a great many interests about here, in the college and otherwise."

"I'll tell ye why ye can't vote here," Flarrerty had come up behind him and now broke in. "Or why we want to keep ye from voting. Ye belong to a plu-to-cra-tic in-sti-tu-tion, a college that doesn't

pay in taxes, and that wants to try to run things here to suit itself. Ye came here, under the protection of that in-sti-tu-tion, spind yer money and have a good time, and thin want a hand at runnin' our affairs? Why should ye?"

"But if we do spend money pretty freely, isn't that for the good of the city, and don't we benefit the community by being here?" asked Cadman.

"Ben-i-fit the Harvard Square dis-trict, yes, and those gintilmin who live around there are only too willin' to help ye out in matter o' votin,' as has already been seen,—especially whin they themselves are runnin' for office. But what about all the people down in this ind o' town,—the folks that comprise about nine-tinths o' the city's workin' pop-u-lation? How are their in-ter-ists to be preserved by yer votin? Ye simply follow blindly thim as tell ye to vote the res-pict-ible il-i-ment."

"But what we stand for is reform," Cadman felt he must justify his own class in some way. "We want to put a stop to all this patronage."

"R-reform, is it? Re-reform?" For once Flar-rerty's voice rose. "Do ye know what thim reform movements mean to the workers? They mean liss im-ploy-mint, and a steady raisin' o' tax rates. You'll find out the truth o' thim e-conomy moves, before ye've been very long in politics. The trouble is that

thim reformers and ar-ris-to-crats, don't know iny-thing about real governin' methods, and we do. So whin they git in, they make an awful mess of it—worse than we do by a dam sight. I tell ye, ye've got to have politicians to conduct the governmint, the're the only ones that know by ix-per-i-ence what's wanted and what isn't by the people. And they're the only ones that look after the laborin' classes, and pro-tict their interests and happiness. Ye pluto-crats niver think o' thim at all. Listen now, one o' the b'ys is going to give us a talk."

At Flarrerty's word they turned and sat down on a bench at one side, while the talk gradually subsided and all eyes were turned toward the end of the room, where there was a bare table and a chair. The "b'y" was a thick-set, red-faced politician, who dissertated at length and in rather flowery speech about the party's candidates at the coming election. Among them was Mr. Mattuck, who was now up for the State Senate, with a good chance to win, from the returns of his district at the last election. Mattuck was called for amid loud hoorays and a stamping of feet. He responded by getting up and stepping forward in front of the table, hands in his hip pockets. Before beginning, he looked around with a slow smile, and then spoke calmly.

"Boys," he said, "it sure does my heart good to

see so many of you turn out twice a week like this to talk over matters with us and encourage us along. It shows that you appreciate what we're trying to do for you down there at the City Hall, and over there at the State House, how we're trying to make Cambridge the best little old city in the States to live in, and how, especially, we're trying to improve things down this way,—to get jobs for all, and jobs suited to the men that want them; to get good factory and housing laws passed, so you'll have better places to work in and to live in; and to change the burden of taxation so that the heavy part of it will fall more on those who can bear it: the people up town.

"All this we want to do for you, first, because we like you,—we live among you,—you are our brothers; and, secondly, because whatever we do for you now, we do just so much for the good of ourselves and the country later. And in return for this we ask only your undivided support, your loyalty, your friends' loyalty, and your friends' friends' loyalty. And I am pretty sure from what I know that we'll get it."

He sat down in the midst of a wild and gesticulating applause from the foreign element. After this there were more speeches, more exhortations from other candidates, and more tumultuous cheering. Finally, a little short, squat Italian, with a ferocious

mustache and a dense mop of long, black hair, got up and addressed the assembly.

"Fellow men, workers, and fren's. I keep-a-groc'ry store-a-down Cambridge Street. I tell-a-you Meester Flarrerty is one grand-a-man, da finest in-a-country, I bet. Last-a-mont' my fruit came-a-to me rot', all rot'. I protest-a-to da express, but they say, 'No-a-blame, no collect.' My rent-a-come due, and how can I pay— no fruita-to sell? Meester Flarrerty come 'round an' say, 'What-a-troub', John?' 'Oh,' I say, 'my rent-a-due for t'ree mont', no costumer-a-pay at all, an' my fruit-come-a-all rot.' 'Oh,' he say, 'I fix-a-dat.' So he fix-a-dat express so I get-a-da mon' back, an' when I order new fruit an' try collect bills, I find he pay-a-da rent too. I call-a-dat one big-a-da boost for poor-a-man. Some day I pay-a-heem back."

The room fairly burst with the cheers that followed this narrative, and Flarrerty was forced to respond to the cries for his name.

"Take a good deed, an' pass it along," said he when the noise had subsided. "I did no more for our friend here than I expect ivery one of ye to do fer iny o' the ithers, if he gits the chance. I believe in a man's doin' ivrything he can fer his friends, and in their helpin' him out in time o' trouble. 'Stick together,' is my motto. So at iny time if iny of ye is in distress,

just come to me, an' I'll do what I can, or git someone ilse to do it, if I can't."

"Just one more word before we go," broke in Mattuck on the applause that forced him to shout and raise his hand. "We're working hard to get the funds sufficient for two or three municipal Christmas trees this Christmas, one for each large division of the city, with presents enough for all your little girls and boys, and lots of good fun in the way of songs, games, dances, and so forth. And we want to provide if possible for a big Christmas dinner for all the homeless, destitute, and needy in the city. We are trying to make this the biggest Christmas Cambridge ever knew. We don't think that up till now you've had a fair share in the good things of life, and we're going to try to give them to you."

When the cheers, whistlings, and stampings were at their height, Mattuck moved toward Cadman, and taking his arm, after a quick, smiling nod of good-by to the others, pushed him to the door and through the darkened front rooms to the street.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as they walked arm in arm upon the pavement again, breathing vigorously the sharp, fresh outdoor air. "It sure does get close in there sometimes. I'm just as glad we don't have a meeting every night. But what did you think of it?"

"I think you can surely sling the bull some, Art; but it had telling effect, there was no doubt of that."

"Of course it did," answered he. "You don't think for a minute that we don't know how to say the right thing in the right place, do you? That's the value of system. Now each of those men in there to-night are local precinct leaders, and has under him a score or more of lesser men who are responsible to him for favors done, and are willing to support him and work for him. The trouble with you aristocratic folks is that you don't know how to get together. Each one pulls his own way and laughs at the others just as they laugh at him. If you could only all get together, you could come down here and clean out this bunch and keep yourselves in control. Why? Because you've got more brains—if they only all worked in the right direction. As it is, this crowd is the best to trust to for local politics, because they know how to get things done; they've got system, efficiency. Bah, don't be talking to me about any of your high-brow political theories! What way are you going,—up to the Square? Well, so long, I'm off for town."

Cadman traveled homeward with conflicting thoughts troubling his set and preconceived notion of politics. "They certainly are a clever bunch, to work those Yids and Dagoes the way they do," thought he;

"I guess there's a lot in what Art says about efficiency. What a wise guy he is; he sees through the sham of it all, and yet goes into the game just as earnestly and grandly as you please! 'We don't think you've had a fair share in the good things in life!' Well, now there's something in that," he added, half aloud, looking through the window.

The trolley was passing a wretched block of small, scrubby stores, above which were tenements. Little urchins, much too thinly clad for the weather, were chasing each other down the street. "I wonder how many people live like this," he mused further. "A municipal Christmas tree a year wouldn't make such a vast deal of difference down here. Those politicians are sure open-hearted with the purse-strings for their friends! I suppose they were all running about yelling, 'Scramble, Mister,' when they were kids, so they can appreciate what it's like to be hard up."

"A share in the good things of life." The car stopped at Memorial Hall, and he got off and made for his dormitory in the yard, as it was near supper time.

Reclining on the divan in his room before an open fire, reading the *Transcript*, he found Ned Patterson, his roommate, who looked up with a sigh and a grunt.

"Well, Johnny," he said, "where 'ya been? I' been lookin' for you to go to dinner. Say, John,—what d'ya

know?—the old man's just cut down my allowance to \$100 a month,—says he got along with half that in college, and there's no reason why I should spend so much. Dammit, wouldn't that rile you? You know how different college life is now from then. The governor's a fool when he tries to draw a comparison,—he ought'a know better. And then, he won't let me have my car up here next term! Honest, Johnny, this is hard-luck day; it does seem as if everything goes wrong at once. This afternoon I tried to work a bid to the Farstow's dance at a tea, and I got snubbed! I don't think I'm getting my share of a good time in life, John."

The Disease of the Press

IN a time unparalleled in world history for momentous happenings, we are confronted with the spectacle of a most disgraceful murder case absorbing the chief columns of our newspapers for weeks at a time. Those of us who are filled with disgust and impatience at this sort of thing find it hard to understand how it can occur in a country that prides itself in education and an interest in world affairs. We see with infinite weariness the obliteration of the real news of the day under a mass of lawyers' battles, clues, hints, confessions, accusations, and the pathetic ordeal of one poor woman, out of which is eagerly squeezed every drop of privacy.

The Boston papers, with the exception of a very few of unquestioned standards, offer excellent targets for criticism of these abuses. There seems rarely to be a period of freedom from sensational scandal. Great "cases" follow each other with seemingly almost timed accuracy so as to constantly have one

court-room story before the public eye. And in the interim are plenty of disappearances, divorces, and political exposures to fill the vacant headings. Possibly this thing is going on more or less in all parts of the country, but to us it seems as if nowhere was the tendency so marked as here. Certain it is that Boston morning newspapers compare quite unfavorably with those of New York—this disregarding the Hearst papers, which seem to be the same everywhere. New York is too cosmopolitan and too sensitive and alive to the outside world to be very provincial in the matter of news.

A gentleman of our acquaintance is responsible for the statement that a certain Boston newspaper had tried at one period of its history to improve the quality and arrangement of its news, only to find there were signs of a marked decrease both in circulation and advertisement at the end of the year. However true this may be, it is certainly evident that prosperity in the majority of cases seems to shine most favorably upon the worst offenders against the best traditions of the press.

Is journalism actually on the decline in this country? From practical, commercial sources we have been confronted constantly with the excuse, apology, defiance,—or whatever you wish to call it,—that is used in every form or branch of public amusement

and entertainment: "We must give the people what they want." It seems as if one had come up against a depressing actuality which effectively barred every method of redress of the situation. If the public is constantly "given what it wants" and these wants are always interpreted to mean the basest and most sordid desires of a community, where will the hope for better things ever come from? The public is educated through the newspapers, fiction, the stage, and the "movies." If these channels of thought stimulation are never to depart from the time-tried standardized product, how is the demand for anything of a higher class to appear?

The argument is an endless chain. As a matter of fact, the public falls into a habit of wanting what it gets. In a community that has never been used to clean, well-handled newspapers you will not find the demand for good news that there is in a better served community. If it is true that there is a keen taste for murder stories and the exposure of private lives, then it is also true that such a taste is whetted by constant feeding.

The best one can say of these long, sordid tales is that they keep alive the romance and interest of individual life. Yet this field has plenty of other means of expression. The total effect of the whole business is unquestionably bad, morbid, depressing, narrow-

ing. The question of journalism to-day is where to find the force to combat the evil,—if it is utterly beyond the power or the motives of the editors themselves.

The Lesson

HUNDREDS upon hundreds, in light, gaudy summer attire, chatting and laughing, strolling and wandering to and fro about the campus, covered up almost entirely the patches of scraggly, downtrodden lawn that had looked so disreputable throughout the spring months. Lazily they swayed back and forth under the giant elms like a many-colored ocean, shifting and gleaming in the mellow afternoon sun. In the background on all sides the dull, crimson walls of the college dormitories, streaked with spreading vines, looked drowsily down upon the gayety beneath them, as if, wearied by the toils and tumult of a long eight months, they were wishing to settle comfortably into their summer sleep. In even greater impatience for the crowd to disband, a vast drove of motor cars, lining the near-by roads, purred and rumbled with the deep undertone and cadence of the sea. But the happy, light-hearted throng seemed in no inclination to disband, for they were filled with the care-free holiday

spirit which enjoys, above all, taking its time and its pleasures as they come. Undergraduates were busied in the all-important office of acting as tourist guides for their families and friends through the university grounds; Seniors, for their part, held, most of them, by a secret regret that their college days were at last over, lingered about their rooms and on the campus, half unwilling to admit that they were bound by sentiment, and trying to appear perfectly business-like and matter-of-fact.

It had most certainly been a glorious day for Commencement, as even old Professor Thurlow himself admitted, though the botany specialist, who was known generally as a crank, seldom went so far as to comment pleasantly on the weather. This morning, however, the Professor had made a priceless discovery with regard to certain insectivorous plants, and he was in high enough spirits for anything. But on such a day few men could force themselves into a disagreeable attitude; indeed, from the penitent parson who had absent-mindedly prayed for rain the evening before, down to the youngest "Freshie" just awakening to the honor and glory of a Sophomore's exalted position, not a member of the institution dreamt of wearing a frown, even as he pondered over the probable outcome of his recent examinations. For it was the dawning not merely of a brief period of sunshine, but of a long



day of freedom and pleasure. Gazing down from their many staring windows upon the festive scene on the campus, the walls also knew what the day meant, while they wondered dimly what became of the youthful aspirants who took their degrees and vanished forever from the college—what they did for themselves in the outside world.

Among the last to step up to receive his coveted certificate, a medium-sized, sandy-haired, ordinary-looking youth, who answered to the name of William Stafford, pushed his way through a mass of much-too-impudent Sophomores. As he turned back, two or three classmates greeted him with a friendly call, at which he smiled, and nodded, until brought to a stand by a heavy clap on the shoulder.

“Bill, old pal, congratulations! I knew you’d pull through, Bill, although you had a close shave from crawling out the little end of the horn. But you’re all right, now, and I’m darned glad, Bill.”

Bill squeezed his hand. “Thanks, boy,” he said. “Well, it’s all over, now, though I guess I’ve made an awful mess of college life. I’m going to make up for hard times in the next year, though, don’t you worry. No more hard work with no encouragement and little result. There’s nothing like New York to swamp the little troubles and worries of college.”

The other, a serious-looking, tall, and dark-haired boy, seemed a bit troubled.

"What about Marjory, Bill?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess we'll settle down in our Madison Avenue place; that is, if she'll have me," he added with a laugh. "Dad's got plenty to keep us going for some time yet. Don't worry about our wedded life, Ned. You'd better get busy and hunt about for someone yourself, you insatiable woman-hater!"

"Cut that, boy," smiled Ned. "But, seriously, now, don't you intend to take up work of some kind during the next year? There must be a position about here for you."

"Oh, I don't think it. You see, I don't quite like starting right out in business; and besides, the only decent job Dad's been able to land for me is 'way out in Oregon, where he has some friends. The thing's open till August 20th, and that would mean my leaving Marjory, which I couldn't think of doing. We're not even engaged yet, you know, Ned. So I suppose I'll hang about the city looking for something or other to turn up."

"Why couldn't she go out there with you?" asked Ned.

"Why, her aunt is sort of old and feeble and needs someone to take care of her. I think she's said that she wants Marjory with her till she dies."

The friends turned and began to stroll arm in arm towards the outskirts of the crowd, looking about for some of their companions. Finally Ned asked again, "What kind of a job was it, Bill, pretty high up?"

"Oh, I believe so," was the reply. "The governor told me, I think, that it would be the best chance I could get in ten or twenty years,—something to that effect,—would boost me right up into prominence. But why are you worrying your heart out about that position? I can't take it, so that's all there is about it. Come, let's try to find mother and Louise; we've lost them in this bunch."

They walked on for some time, peering into this group and that, till finally Bill called a halt underneath one of the elms to wait until they caught sight of someone they knew. The other, with a wrinkled brow, turned away from his friend for a moment and appeared to deliberate.

"Bill," he said suddenly, "I think you ought to take this position. A man should not refuse a chance to do something in the world as you are thinking of doing. No," he hurried on, seeing an impatient protest on his companion's lips, "I don't want to preach,—for Lord knows I've got enough faults,—but it hurts me sore to think that you're not making all you can of yourself, when I know that you've got the stuff in you to do so much."

"Don't be an ass," Bill snapped angrily. "You make me tired sometimes with your compliments, when you know very well what my college record has been. Besides, why should I chase off to Oregon for a year, or two years, and leave Marjory in New York? What sort of a fool do you take me for?"

"I take you for a sensible chap, and my friend." Ned's tone was clear and earnest. "Your work for the last few years doesn't count for anything out in the world. It will be completely forgotten,—all except your degree. What *does* count, though, is what you've learned, what you've got out of the place, and that's what counts with every fellow that's been through college. It's been our good fortune to get a good start in our lives by an education, and we've got a great big debt to pay to the world,—to make all we can of ourselves in return. You *have* got ability, lots of it, for I know you mighty well. I'm not saying anything for myself; but I start in two weeks for the Philippines to do surveying work. As for Marjory, well, if she's the sort of girl I think her to be, she'll be glad to have you take the opportunity, and will wait for you till you come back. If not, she's not worthy of you, nor you of her."

Bill, who at first was on the point of breaking in impatiently, had been looking away, with his head slightly inclined. Now he turned again, with a quick



gesture. "Well," said he, "I'm sorry, but we break on that point, that's all. I can't see it in the light you do, and I certainly don't intend to give up the next two years to drudgery. That's all right, Ned," he added in a pleasanter tone; "it's confounded nice of you to take all this interest in my future, but I'm afraid I'm not quite all that you think me. I'm not cut out for anything much in the world."

Though he replied nothing, Ned seemed sorrowful, and looked out across the swarming campus until he spied two figures, one a middle-aged lady in black, with white hair, and the other a young girl in pink. "There are your mother and sister, Bill," he indicated with a nod; and together they walked toward the pair. The daughter, a young girl of perhaps eighteen, with tanned cheeks and arms, attractive eyes and mouth, and with quantities of brown hair knotted loosely at the back of her head, ran forward impulsively to her brother.

"Oh, Bill," she laughed, "we've been looking for you all over the field. It was simply splendid for you to get that degree, after all, when you worried about it so." Then she realized the other's presence, blushed a trifle deeper tan, and held out her hand smilingly.

"I believe we've met before, haven't we, Mr. Seymour?" she said in a low tone.

He laughed in return. "Well, I do call that a nice

way of putting it, when the last Prom. was only three weeks ago. The last time we met, too, I think you called me Ned."

"Did I, truly? Well, then, I mustn't go backwards like this. I guess I'll have to call you—Ned." And she laughed again, and stepped back to her mother.

"Mamma, dear, here is Mr. Ned Seymour. You remember him, don't you, from last fall? Billie brought him along on that motor trip we had."

"How do you do, Mrs. Stafford?" said Ned, stepping up to the lady, who was quite handsome, and retained a youthful expression in the lines of her face.

She shook hands cordially and smiled in the same way as her daughter. "We're quite proud of our Bill here, just now, Mr. Seymour. He had us very much worried at one time that he wasn't going to graduate this year."

"I guess old Bauer would have dished me if he'd been able to," said Bill. "He's been pretty nasty all through the year, and did a lot to pull me down. But I got ahead of him for once."

"Bill, you mustn't speak so of Professor Bauer," spoke up Louise, lifting her head a little. "I met him at a dance here once, and he's very nice. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Ned Seymour? Oh, well, I see you're too much afraid of hurting my dear brother's

feelings to agree with me on any subject. No, do not try to make excuses"—this with mock severity. "You'll have to outlive your heresy by the way you act in the next few weeks. You'll have plenty of chances, because I want someone to take me to see the 'Giants' win sometime during this week, while Billie is gadding about with Marjory. I think it's quite disgraceful for boys to go off and leave their sisters the way they do. By the way, Bill, isn't there a horse show coming off at the Garden soon?"

"I believe there is, Lou,— on the 28th," said her brother, smiling. "Ned, I'll have to ask you to do a favor for me, now. Could you escort these ladies gallantly about the grounds and buildings while I go up to the room and do some packing? You'll find me there in about a half an hour."

"There, didn't I tell you he would soon be running off?" said Louise. "He's probably going up to mope over Marjory's photograph and write to her. But about this horse show. Couldn't we plan to go all together? I'm going to enter Ruby with the phaeton, and I want to see how she comes out. Will you go with us, Ned?"

The latter wrinkled his brow once more, and spoke in a low tone. "I've got to be off to the Philippines next week, Louise," he said.

The girl drew a little breath of surprise. "Good

gracious, not so soon! Bill, had you heard of his going off like this before?"

Bill nodded with downcast eyes, and his mother expressed her regret, and inquired the reason of the sudden departure.

"It was an offer that came about two months ago, and the only one I've had yet in the engineering line. I was hoping for a place near home, but as this one insures me a good start in the business, I thought I'd better take it. Mother is going to stay with one of my aunts until I come back, which I hope will be in about two years."

"Two years!" Louise became grave. "Why, that's a terribly long time, Ned. We'll miss you at home awfully much."

Bill clapped his hand on Seymour's shoulder. "Think better of it, Ned," he said. "Don't leave us for that unchristian land. Well, anyway, I must be off to pack up," and he took the opportunity to stride off to his room.

He was just a little angry with himself for having spoken to his friend so disagreeably a short time since, especially when they were to part for so long in a matter of a few days. They had been extremely intimate, and roommates during their entire college course, and it seemed strange to think of the near separation. Ned had always held somewhat of a

steadying influence upon him, and had helped him out and kept him to his work when he had been inclined to go off at the wrong moment with a bunch of "good fellows" for a little sport. Now, however, he felt sick, for good and all, of any kind of detested drudgery, and had planned to spend two years at least in New York, enjoying the pleasures that he believed were due him after his long struggle at college. He did admire the way Ned was starting out to make a name for himself, but that sort of life came easier to Ned, and, at any rate, he did not have anybody in particular to stay at home for. Or,—wait, could it be just possible that Ned cared very much for his sister? He remembered the look of sharp disappointment that had passed over Louise's face when Seymour had spoken of his intended trip. Was it possible that his friend's sacrifice was as great as his own might mean?

Having reached his room, he packed quite carefully, and then, seeing no signs of the other's returning, he sat down in the morris chair and took out Marjory's photograph as Louise had predicted. A head of curly, ungovernable hair, which he knew to be golden, and a soft contour of chin and throat looked at him appealingly from the picture, and made it impossible for him to think of leaving her. Strangely enough, however, Ned's words suddenly came to him: "She's

not worthy of you, nor you of her." That was unjust, mighty unjust, and he hadn't expected it from a friend. He put the paper down and looked out through the open window, where he could just see the blue slate roof of the opposite dormitory. A dragon-fly came snapping and whizzing into the room, banged about on the walls, and then went out again. It seemed to be mocking him for the failure he had made at college, and he frowned impatiently.

"What does count, though, is what you've learned."

Who had spoken these words? In some curious way, Stafford felt himself unable to realize or to see his surroundings. Everything was dim and hazy around him, and he seemed to be striving to open his eyes. Gradually he became conscious that he was standing, leaning with one arm upon a rail or wooden beam, that appeared to be the only separation between himself and a large pit of deep and unbroken blackness. Quickly he drew back, stumbling over a pile of coal that blocked his path, while above him rose the tall, blackened timbers of the shaft house of a mine. About him, in every direction, the barren, rocky ground rose and fell in sharp, bleak hills, upon whose summits he could see other shaft houses and railroad tracks, upon which crawled long lines of twisting, smoke-spreading trains. In a valley to his left wound a river, by the side of which was a small



collection of houses, hovels, and factories, that might be called a mining town, and over which was spread a large, thick, oppressive layer of smoke. Above him the gray sky was streaked with the black from a hundred stacks. From the wonder and the bleakness of the scene, which only gradually dawned upon him, he turned back again to his own hilltop, where, beside the towering shaft, some laborers with much rattle and crash were piling away into empty "cars" the heaps of coal that were spread over the ground. Two men, evidently of a little better position, and of a different nationality than the others, were resting on their shovels at one side, and talking. Stafford moved a little closer to listen.

"That's it, mind you," the younger in appearance was saying: "It's what you've learned, every time. It doesn't matter so much what you're able to do when you've got your first job, though of course a man wants to do all he can, but it's: What good has it done you? There's a heap lot of things that anyone ought to do in this world, and there's a heap lot he can do, if he only learns and looks about him."

"You're right there about the learnin' part," rejoined the other in a deep gruff voice. "It makes a d—— sight difference whether you got a chance to learn or not. Look at me; I could a done somethin' more than this, and so could you, if we'd 'a' gone to

school. And then look at some of them lazy folks' sons that get an eddycashun and then loaf about and do nothin'."

"Well, but still they don't hurt anybody but themselves; and we really have as much chance as they have."

"Chance? Did you say chance? 'Tis a h—— of a lot of chance we've got here in a coal mine, while they're right there at the top o' things, havin' a good time. It's all wrong, I tell you. Them as can rise, don't, and them as want to, can't. We ain't got a chance in our lives, and never shall."

"That's where I don't agree with you, Tim," said the first speaker, again; "we've got just as much chance in our way as they have in theirs. For what chance means, is the ability of doing good somehow, somewhere, and to someone. It's with us all the time, and we all have it before us some time or other."

"The h—— you say!" grumbled the husky one angrily. "What chance is, is to get somewhere in the world, to make a fortune, or somethin' for yourself."

"And you're wrong, I say," answered the other. "Chance is to be able to help those about us. Of course, the ones that are educated can do perhaps the greatest good to mankind, because they know most, but we've got chances of our own. Why, we're even better off than those loafers you speak of, be-

cause they're playing around doing nothing at all; while we're actually out in the world, living the life of men."

At this moment the ground trembled violently, and a dull, but huge and heavy roar came to their ears.

"That can't be underneath," cried the younger man, "for they took out all the powder when they left a week ago. It must be over at the Munsey again."

They listened and looked off towards the top of a neighboring crag. A swarm of black dots were creeping frantically up the hill slope, while from the base of the shaft poured forth heavy, rich, inky volumes.

"It is the Munsey, man," the man said again. "My God! what a blast that must have been. Come on." And the two, followed by the whole gang of Italians working on the coal pile, raced down the hill.

Not knowing exactly why, or what it would be like, Stafford turned and started after them, stumbling, leaping over the rough ground, climbing fences, crossing tracks, and dodging swamps, until he found himself at the bottom of the hill from which came the smoke. With great difficulty he scrambled to the top, and found a danger line had already been formed about the great menacing shaft to keep back the

surging crowd, and the host of wailing, frantic women. The smoke had ceased belching forth so thickly, and there came now merely the coal dust arising from the explosion. After a while this also stopped.

"They're calling for volunteers," he heard it said around him, while anxious, white faces betrayed the fear that was only too plain on each man's countenance. Ahead, by the shaft, there was a shoving and scrambling, and a man pushed his way towards the cage. "I'm ready to go down there with three others," he shouted; and on his turning, Stafford recognized with a shock the younger one of the two overseers he had heard talking together a short time before on the other hill. The man with his black hair, and his sharp, earnest face, seemed now strangely to resemble Ned Seymour.

One more man, then another, then three others, shoved their way through the throng and declared themselves prepared for the descent. Then the superintendent called a halt to more offers, and ordered that the cage be lowered. A great pressing forward of the mass, a groan of the machinery, and a piercing, wailing, beseeching cry,—and, as he watched, the cage shot downwards to the fatal depths. Then crowds, shaft, ground, and sky seemed to waver, to whirl, and dizzily disappear.

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Shuddering, Stafford blinked his eyes and looked at the wall in front of him, still striving to bring himself to consciousness, and to realize that what had passed was nothing but a dream. So vivid had been the picture, however, and so much of his mind was still under its influence, that for some time he kept wondering what might happen down there in the mine. The effect of the warm sunlight streaming in the window seemed at last to be effectual in dispelling the gloomy scene of mist and smoke, however, for he arose and rubbed his eyes. The crowd, except for a few, had dispersed from the campus, and by the declining sun he felt it must be growing late. "I wonder where Ned can have taken mother and sister," he thought, and looked at his watch. It was within five minutes of the time they had arranged to meet.

"Out in the world living the life of men," came to him from the stillness. He looked out of the window far down the road in the distance, and seemed to see in the hazy, crimson sun, a great, bright goal, which gleamed ever above and beyond the patches of light and darkness in the foreground.

"That *was* a dream," he said at length, half aloud. "I wonder if it could really have taken place." He turned quickly and looked once more at his watch. "I'll just have time to write a letter before they come if I hurry," he thought.

When it was all sealed and directed to the "Rogers Contracting Co., Portland, Oregon," he again picked up the picture which had been laying on the arm of his morris chair. Then he remembered once more what Ned had said: "If she's the kind of a girl I think she is, she'll be glad to have you take the opportunity, and will wait for you till you return." And somewhere deep down within himself, he knew this to be true.

Miscellaneous Verse

Beyond the Ranges

WHAT lies beyond the ranges, where the blazing sun-
sets flare,

And gild the peaks that beckon 'cross the plain?
Where do they go in the winter's snow, the bighorn
and the bear,

Over the shaggy mountain steeps again?
Follow their trail where its winding leads you,—
You, who have none but the Wild to guide;
Go and find, for a lost land needs you,—
Land of the Great Untried.

What lies beyond the ranges, where the huddled storm-
clouds hang,

And gather strength to sweep across the sky?
Hunger and heat and aching feet,—the sting of the
desert's fang,

Waiting to see you stagger on and die.
Deep in your heart the ranges lure you,
Dragging you on through the choking dust,

Peril and pain can never cure you,—
Slave of the Wanderlust!

What lies beyond the ranges? The cry of a thousand
years—

The cry of a thousand ages yet to dawn;
Off to the West, on Fortune's quest, in spite of a
hundred fears,

Over the trail the restless blood has gone.
There in the wild lies your long-sought treasure.
Happiness no time can change;
There each man knows his own true measure,
They who have crossed the range!

Town and Plain

"WHAT is the prairie to me?

A great, gray, dreary heath,—
The vast sky empty as the sea,
The lumpy turf beneath.
My tired pony jogs ahead,
A squalid camp my goal;
And it's miles through the stillness of the dead
To the nearest human soul.
But oh, for a night in the gleaming streets,
In the din of the changing roar,
Where the great tide surges all around,
And the City thrills with a joy new-found—
To know its every sight and sound
And feel its life once more!"

"What is the city to me?

A mass of steel and stone,
Where I seem in its thoughtless throngs to be
A hundred times alone.

The ceaseless thunder dulls my brain;
My aching temples throb,—
Wearied and dazed by the constant strain,
Lost in the scurrying mob.
Oh, let me breathe the mountain air
Far from the hordes of men,
Where the prairies roll like the ocean's breast,
Off to the hills of the purple West.
God! what a fever of unrest
To ride, and be free again!"

Nobody's Land

WE'RE off on the trail once more, sweetheart, the trail
of long ago;
We've shaken the dust of the Yellowstone for the clean
white mountain snow.
The Tetons hide the Western sky as they did when we
were young,
And far above, on their blazing peaks, the swollen
sun is hung.
Below, the valley's like a tomb; the dark pines are
asleep,
While there, 'mid the shadows, you can see the long
Snake twist and creep;
With the big, free, open sky above!—it's taken my
breath away;
For we're back, we're back in Nobody's Land, as I
knew we would be some day.
Nobody's Land, so grim and grand,—
'Neath the great Cathedral towers,
Where the birds are hushed, and the wolf slinks by;

And there's no one here save you and I,
River and peak and wind and sky—
Nobody's Land but ours!

We're safe out here at last, sweetheart, we're rid of
the city's mob,
Safe from the men who clutch for gold, who lie, and
curse, and rob.
There were times in those bitter, lonely years, that I
thought I could ne'er live through;
Folly, foes, and failure,—God! *That's* when I sent
for you.
Yes, the city has cheated us both, dear one, and it's
better out here in the wild,
Away from a wasted life (thank God, I had no wife
and child!)
And we'll sit to-night in the stillness, in the campfire's
cheery glow,
And hear from our nook on the rocky ridge, the loons
in the lake below.
For it's Nobody's Land, where the Tetons stand,
Through the countless, ceaseless hours.
The night slips on till the pale dawn breaks,
And the gray mist shrinks from the shimmering
lakes
And the silent, vasty world awakes,—
Nobody's Land but ours!

We'll camp where we camped that magic night, when
we met here, ten years gone,
And we knelt in prayer together, as we breathless
watched the dawn.

We said—do you remember?—it was God's own temple
found,

When the mountains stood in worship, and from no-
where came a sound.

Yes, I think we'll stay in the mountains, and watch
the years go by,

For there's none to know, and none to care, no one
but you and I?

And I think that way out here alone we can learn to
love and to pray

For our lives as they might have been, sweetheart,
for the hopes of yesterday.

Yes, it's God's own land, and we'll understand,

As we travel the trails untrod,

What few of the wanderers can see,

The worship and the mystery,—

A temple built for you and me,

You and me and God!

The Western Mail

IN the vault of a towering train-shed
When dusk spreads its gloom o'er the walls;
When the crowds from the street in the great archway
meet,
And hurry along through the halls;

There the struggling, sputtering arc-lights
Brightly glare o'er the great human stream,
While the tireless beat and scuffle of feet
Are drowned in the hissing of steam.

Up track number eight, near the entrance,
A monster Pacific looms tall,
With its bright yellow light reaching far through the
night,
Piercing blankets of thick, foggy pall.

The steam from its pistons is drifting
In a wavering, feathery stream;
And the columns that pour from its stack with a roar
Send echoes from girder to beam.

In the cab, leaning out of the window,
Sits the driver, alert for the sign.
While his fireman, Bill, is shoveling still,
Making power they'll need down the line.

Behind come a long line of Pullmans,
Their greenish sides glossy with light,
And a soft glow spreads out on the platforms about
From their hallways, all cheery and bright.

The passengers still mount the stairways,
And crowd through the halls to their seats;
There in warmth and in light, settling down for the
night,
They forget the damp chill of the streets.

Young and old find repose on the cushions,
Though their trip may be weary and long.
For while steel walls protect, no one e'er could
suspect
That aught in the night might go wrong.

At last it is time for departure,
"All aboard," is the cry down the line;
Then the brakeman's white lamp, gleaming misty
and damp,
Begins first to twinkle, then shine.

Far ahead there, the engineer sees it,
And slowly the lever pulls back,
As with thunder and blast, dark billows are cast
To the roof from the crater-like stack.

The great puffs mount higher and higher,
As the long train pulls out of the shed;
While the sparks upward fly to the dark, misty sky
Like a fountain of bright, crimson red.

Over switches and crossings they clatter,
Making echoes resound in their flight.
They thread mazes of track, softly glistening back
Shining myriads of red, green, and white.

Once upon the great highway of traffic,
They swiftly pull out from the yard,
Then with quickening rate, pass a slow-moving freight,
And its compound still laboring hard.

Past factory, warehouse, and steel plant,
They rush with unwavering course.
Under bridges they dash with a thundering crash,
To emerge with fast-gathering force.

The buildings resound with the roaring—
With the grinding of steel upon steel;

And the noise of their flight, cast abroad through the
night,

Seems to mingle with phantoms unreal.

The tall buildings now are receding;

Squalid, half-vacant blocks line the way,
Where the street lights' dim glow on the pavements
below

Turns the chill black of night into gray.

Silv'ry flakes through the frosty air drifting,

Softly gleam as they pass into light;
And they gather in sheets on the buildings and streets,
In a velvety blanket of white.

Through the cold, misty parks the train rushes,

Passing dark, shapeless ridges of trees;
Which awakened once more by the train's ponderous
roar

Cast their angry retorts on the breeze.

Fewer still pass the dim shapes of buildings,

Silent specters that flit swiftly by;
Till the landscape is bare, save a place here and there
Where a farmhouse stands out 'gainst the sky.

The snow-covered, desolate marshes

Rush past, a monotonous waste;
While a furious gale driving dark clouds of hail,
Seems to mock the train's desperate haste.

The huge engine swings o'er the prairies,
Pouring thick streams of smoke to the rear.
In the cab both men gaze through the storm's whirling
haze,
Ever watching for signs to appear.

The passengers sleep on in quiet;
Little thought do they render, or heed
To the tiring strain in protecting the train
Flying on at a thunderous speed.

So on, ever on through the darkness,
Throwing light far ahead down the track,
Where the snow crystals tear through the big search-
light's glare,
Swirling forward, and sideways, and back.

As long winter's night still advances,
Small towns oft arise from the plain;
When the shrill whistle screams they start up from
their dreams,
Shouting back at the thundering train.

When the first gleam of morning light shimmers,
The storm clouds are clearing away;
And the soft, pinkish glow o'er the vast field of snow
Gently heralds the coming of day.

Now the long run is nearing completion;
City buildings loom up far ahead.
All their windows are bright with a great fiery light
From the eastern sky's deep coat of red.

Through the city the train dashes onwards
Towards the end of the line, close at hand;
Till with everything past, in the station at last
The long mail is brought to a stand.

Not a thought do the passengers carry,
Walking off in the fresh morning air,
Not a thought of the work that the men never shirk,
Of the lives that depend on their care.

Yet the trains ever fly through the darkness,
While the wheels ever grind on the rail;
And the motionless ground ever throbs at the sound
Of the flight of the Western Mail.

Northern Lights

THE sun has long been lying 'neath the sea,
Whose restless waters glide in oily folds
Against the shore; the nightly canopy
Lies o'er the world, and all in slumber holds.

Reluctantly I turn my lingering gaze
From where the fleecy ripples melt away
Upon the beach, when lo!—a whitish blaze
Flares up across the waters of the bay.

The apparition falls, but soon once more
A silv'ry flame, with ever-broadening sweep,
Appears, and spreads along the northern shore,
While other flashes from the darkness creep.

Brightly it glows, a sheet of pallid light,
When in a hundred spangles it is rent,
That stretch their shimmering pillars to the height
Of heaven and now are backward sent.

The streamers flare, and spread, and disappear,
To flicker up again, and skyward reach!
Now cringing and retreating as in fear,
Now madly dancing far above the beach.

The flames grow long and thin, and shooting forth
Like fingers, wildly beckon 'cross the sky,
Alluring to the perils of the North
Adventurers, their frozen realms to try.

A dazzling flash mounts up; then like a ghost
The weird display is gone in sudden flight.
The steady waves still wash the lonely coast
And o'er the bay again returns the Night.

An Immigrant

As the liner glides on her silent trail
Through a furrow of sparkling spray,
An immigrant leans on the forward rail
With his gaze on the misty bay.

In the folds of the sea fog's grayish coat
Lies the city he longs to reach,
While alone in sight are a passing boat
And the shape of a near-by beach.

From afar resounds the whistle's chime
And the throb of a mighty roar,
While the hearer impatiently waits the time
When at last he may step ashore.

Yet again comes the thought of that other coast
Three thousand miles behind,
And his boyhood life, like a fading ghost,
Throws a shadow o'er his mind.

In a moment he dreams of the bitter years
Of sadness and misery,
'Till the day when he knew, by his mother's tears,
That his duty lay over the sea;

He dreams of that scene on the barren hill
Where his father had grasped his hand—
"Danny, lad, be thrue to yer counthrey shtill
When ye've reached the promised land."

But his vision returns to the land ahead
Where justice and liberty reign,
The terror of earlier days are dead,
With their hunger, oppression, and pain.

A towering image 'gainst the sky
Its message of freedom brings;
The band blares forth; with a choking cry
He waves his cap and sings.

Sings! to a song he has never learned,
Though its meaning he long has known:
And he feels as a patriot just returned
To the land he can call his own.

Sings! with the joy of a newborn life
For the conquest he plans to begin.

Shall he, as his fellows, be crushed in the strife,
Or be true to his purpose, and win?

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In the dusty air of a darkened court
That hums with talk confused,
With quiet mien and with no retort
Stands Danny, the accused.

By a trick he was made the one to blame
For a corporation's theft;
An innocent lad, he bears the shame
Which his keen employers left.

But why should Danny fear the law?
He knows his cause is right!
And is this not the land where the nation's awe
Is justice, truth, and light?

The damaging evidence, and lies,
But lightly reach his ear;
For these the jurors will despise—
And what should Danny fear?

A weak defense his lawyer makes,
Yet Danny smiles assured;
For what if lawyers make mistakes
When justice is procured?

The jury leaves, and soon returns
The verdict to repeat;
"Guilty!" A rage within him burns;
He leaps upon his feet—

"Say that agin!" His breath comes fast;
He stretches forth his hand;
Then, sinking to his seat at last,
He obeys the stern command.

The freedom of the law is given—
The prisoner may speak.
Three times has Danny vainly striven,
While the color leaves his cheek.

With a choking sob that brings no tear
Comes his passionate, wild appeal:
"Ah, what have I got by comin' here!
Is yer justice never real?"

In the silence a hand organ's graty voice
Is born through an open door,
And Danny listens—he has no choice—
To a national air once more.

'Tis the song that he learnt on the liner's deck,
And a wave of reproach it brings,
Yet with none in the room who dare to check,
He lifts his voice and sings!

The Titanic

OCEAN, giant ocean! thou mighty, senseless slayer,
To human souls unmerciful, by human cries un-
moved;
Of all our pride and confidence, the pitiless betrayer,
Conquered, yet invincible, thy power again is
proved!

The glory which had tempted us to scorn thy sullen
warning
Two miles beneath thy heaving waves lies hidden in
the night.
O, God! to Thee we kneel on this disaster's solemn
morning,
Praying that we may humbler grow and surer in Thy
might!

With her banners unfurled as the pride of the world,
Was she launched on the breast of the ocean;
For a Titan was she, and the tumbling sea
Scarcely cradled her hull with its motion.

From her mast to her keel not a shock did she feel
When the billows were pounding her armor;
An unsinkable boat, like a city afloat,
She defied the whole ocean to harm her.

With magnificent force she would plow on her course
When tornadoes or hurricanes fought her,
While her beauty and strength and her limitless length
Proclaimed her the queen of the water.

Oh, the conquering shout that the people gave out
When she started across the Atlantic,
Causing bosoms to fill with a glorious thrill
At a vessel so fleet, so gigantic!

Not a warning was heard, neither whisper nor word
Ever spelled such a thought as disaster;
There was never a wave that could hasten *her* grave,
Not a gale but her power could master.

At her screws' waking throb not a tear, not a sob
Bade farewell, but a wild exultation;
And the glorious ship swung out West on her trip—
Her first one from nation to nation!

With her funnels reared high, nearly hiding the sky,
She glided away from her mooring,
Like a giant asleep, to the treacherous deep,
Where a perilous calm lay alluring.

As she swept proudly by, there was ne'er heard a sigh
For the loves she was destined to sever,
Till her gaunt shape grew dim on the water's wide rim,
Dwindled down, and then vanished forever!

As she sped in her haste o'er the measureless waste,
When her long run was nearing its ending,
In the midst of her flight through the shadowless night
Came the sound of a thunderous rending.

So faint was the shock and so gentle the rock
Her cabins seemed scarcely to shiver.
Yet her engines were stilled and her yawning side filled
With a flood that flowed in like a river.

Sliding silently by, with a peak raised on high,
Passed the terrible agent of slaughter;
Like a mountain it seemed, as it glistened and gleamed,
Or a white specter-child of the water.

The ocean's dark breast lay so calmly at rest
That there came not a thought of their sinking;
But the death-wounded ship by a threatening dip
Showed the watery tons she was drinking.

Few tokens can tell of that smiling farewell
When the lifeboats were silently lowered;
For at first there were few of the number who *knew*,
And of these not a man was a coward.

As conquerors brave they stepped back to their grave,
From the daughters and wives whom they cherished;
And though sickened by fear for the ones they held
dear,
They were calm till the moment they perished.

Though the peril they learned, from their safety they
turned
To cheer and encourage the others,—
From the hurry and strife of a vanishing life
They awoke as an army of brothers.

O, the tragedy known to the watchers alone,
When the presence of Death came near them;
And the calls of despair flashed afar through the air,
That an oncoming vessel might hear them!

In terror they gazed as her rudder was raised,
And her bow drawn beneath with the suction,
Till with glorious sweep toward the motionless deep
She rushed to a mighty destruction.

The *Titanic* is gone, her short journey run,
And her name and her fame but a story;
But the noble renown of the men who went down
Will be witness of God to their glory!

Wrangler of the X Bar U

You've been ridin' purty hard, and I think I know
you, pard,—

Wrangler from the X Bar U.

Well, the boys are on yer track, and I guess they're
not far back,

Wrangler of the X Bar U.

Here,—drop that gun, you greaser! I've got you
covered fair,

And you couldn't ride no further on that broken-
winded mare.

Yep, the boys are comin' fast, and they'd have this
ride yer last,

Wrangler of the X Bar U.

No, it ain't so awful queer that I know about you here,

Wrangler of the X Bar U,—

For you shouldn't wait aroun' when you've shot your
foreman down,

Wrangler of the X Bar U.

I thought you'd quit the country; you must 'a'
tried to hide.

You couldn't steal a hoss before? Well, now I've
got you tied,

For I saw you take the crack, 'twas a mean one in the
back,

Wrangler of the X Bar U.

Now, don't you try to jaw, 'cause what I saw I saw,
Wrangler of the X Bar U;

But I know,—I know damn well that you shot a hound
of hell!

Wrangler of the X Bar U;

I wish you could 'a' killed him for each time he's
ruined a life.

You're nothing but a dirty Mex, but when he took
your wife—

Thank God, I've got a heart; quick, grab my horse
and start,

Wrangler of the X Bar U.

(A Love Poem to Order)

**If e'er I see your eyes,
I'm sure I'll recognize**

**What dreams and reveries have always shown me;
Yet till that happy day
Your name alone must stay
A bright ideal, when other hopes have flown me!**

Rain Memories

TO-NIGHT, from out the rain
That patters softly, steadily on the eaves,
Comes a quiet longing of olden years and far-forgotten
places.
Wistful and inexpressible;—
Yet playing on the strings within my soul
A melody so dear, so full of memory
That all my being throbs with warmth and gladness.
Childhood comes surging back, fresh as a living dream,
And all the purple corners of the past
Are lighted by a flood of golden recollection;
Yet there can I discern
No trace, no semblance of the thing which calls
Deep down within my soul,—
A something gently wrapped within the rain,
A wraith of some old fancy or appeal,
That almost speaks to me
And tells what might—
But now lost in the steady, monotonous spatter
Of the weary, hopeless rain.

To ———

MAKE no more promises to me. Too long
Have I relied upon some vow or token,
Trusting your love to keep your word unbroken,
Till trust is gone. Yet here is not the wrong;
God knows the soul is weak,—the battle strong;
But that you tell me,—lead me to believe
You have not yet broke faith, when to deceive
Is easiest, cuts our friendship like a thong.
Oh, what a hundred thousand times more worth:
Truth between friends, than all the vows on earth!
Why should your heart be other than it seems?
I know your far ideals, you know my dreams;
Live for yourself,—not for a promise given,—
And naught can part us two this side of Heaven!

Determination

A COLD gale comes singing down with the Night
Out of the North sky,
Bearing a lusty strength in its grim, chill breath,
A sudden, sweeping stream from the black ocean
beyond the sky.

The last leaves of autumn are caught and swirled
Far down the valley and away;
For over the great black hill to the North
Winter is coming,—and the thin trees shiver and
remember.

High in the faint sky, riding before the wind,
A scattered flock of birds float swiftly southward.
The old bear turns his head and shuffles slowly to his
lair.

Only the Traveller in the valley still keeps on,
Facing the storm unfalteringly,—
For he must reach his goal;
And the fierce wind, shouting, gives him strength,
and life,
And courage to keep on.

To Connie on Her Wedding Day

A LITTLE token of a deep affection, Connie dear,
A meager little gift for one so sweet,
If I but owned the earth, I'd search its treasures far
and near
And gather all, and lay them at your feet.

Yet, as I think of you in this sweet hour, Connie dear,
When love shows two pure souls a common way,
It seems to me I hear a voice that whispers in my ear,
"The whole wide world lies at their feet to-day!"

A Vision of Life

I SEE it appear on the roof tops at rosy dawn, out of
man's dwellings—

A city of marble and crumbling brick, of toiling arms
and earnest faces,

I see it gleaming far out in the Western sky, over the
beckoning hills,

A land of forest, lake, and stream, of glistening peaks
and still valleys.

I see it on the turning of the tide,

Like a phantom image of queer lands and strange
ventures.

I see it in the quiet glow of hearth, and table light,

A haven of soft caresses and little hands.

I see it in the hearts of men,—

Conquered and oppressed, sinner and seeker.

I see it in thine eyes, and in thy fair young body, O
Best Belovèd,

Who shall meet my soul and guide it upwards from
false desires.

From the Tumult

OUT of a blind world battling,
Out of war's reeking breath,
Through all the hellish rattling
Of the hurricane of death,
Free from men's fears and rages,
Clear-tongued from out the flame,
With the light of a thousand ages
The Voice from the tumult came—

Hear us, you fellow mortals
Who cheer us while we fight,
Who watch behind closed portals
And shout of wrong and right,—
Yours is the Great Decision,
Ours but the right to die;
Yet we have been shown a vision,
And to you who shall live we cry.
For some of us went in duty,
And some of us went in fright,

From the Tumult

And some for a pledge to beauty,
And some for the love of the fight;
We parted from those that love us,
And some of us checked a tear,—
And all because men above us
Had bred in our hearts the Fear.
Who went when the bugle called us
In the flush and the pride of war;
The flag and the drums enthralled us,—
We saw not what lay before.
But now we have lost our gladness,
We wearily wait and kill;
The long dreadful task brings madness,
But we conquer it with the will.

We have found the foe not savage,
And only a man of our kind,
Yet still we slaughter and ravage
With a deadly resolve of mind.
And God! it's just fighting and fighting,
For both of us must keep on,
And there seems no chance of a righting
Till after the last has gone.
For each fears the lust of the other,
And fights for the life of his land,
And neither will act as brother,
And neither will understand.

But you, in your home's seclusion,
And you, in the dawn of youth,
Cast from you this great delusion,
Awaken the world to truth;
Give end to your blind suspicion,—
For fear is the womb of hate;
And yours is the age-long mission
That waits at the door of fate:
To tell to the farthest ocean
The folly of wanton strife;
For love has taught us devotion
And love will teach us life!

Out of a blind world battling,
Out of war's reeking breath,
Through all the hellish rattling
Of the hurricane of death,
Free from men's fears and rages,
Clear-tongued from out the flame,
With the light of a thousand ages
The Voice from the tumult came.

En Avant!

SLOWLY and softly, rosy shades descend,
And deepen in the cloister and the hall;
A voice proclaims our boyhood at an end
With clear and ringing call.

The crimson glory of a western sun
Sheds purer light upon the dying day,
Renewing visions, now that youth is done,
Of dreams that passed away.

The new ideals and hopes of later years
Return, and to a nobler semblance grow,
While all regrets, and enmities, and fears
Melt in the setting glow.

The bitter memories of a wasted past,
Of unrewarded struggles, now are gone;
Our eyes and eager hearts are eastward cast,
Where gleams the dawn.

Fair with the flaming touch of bright desires,
The morn of manhood opens o'er our head;
The world before us now alone inspires,
That childish thoughts are fled.

Beyond the portal, sterner life awaits,
Where care and loss oppress, and snares allure;
Yet firmly now we hasten toward the gates
To battle and endure.

Spirit of the School! live in us yet;
Thy earnest, fearless ardor let us feel,
That each disheartening combat may be met
With boyish zeal.

Then onward still! with never thought of rest,
Till all the tumult of the world is past,—
That, with a conquering courage in our breast,
We may be men at last!



